THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1883.

Original Novelet.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

Time flew on. There was no prospect of release; still there was the same wretched monotony, the same miserable routine, of which the morning walk formed the principal feature. Ruth Hallowell no longer took these walks alone. Each day she was joined by Mr. Ahrenfeldt, and each day she returned to her room after these little moments of freedom with a flushed cheek and a clouded and perplexed brow. This man's manner towards herself had broadened by degrees into a freedom, an appearance of assured security and egotistical power, which, much as it angered its object, had yet its fascinations. She had not been able to discover the secret of his influence over Spitfire; indeed, the subject had not been broached between Mr. Ahrenfeldt and herself. She would not flatter his too evident self-love by alluding to it in any way whatever.

One day she was rambling the usual hour in the cavern, when Mr. Ahrenfeldt, as was his custom, approached her with a quickly uttered "good-morning."

Ruth inclined her head slightly, and marched on as composedly as possible.

"Miss Ruth," he said, abruptly, "I want you to answer me a question. Will you?"

"Oh, certainly," yet she did not pause to listen to it, and he was obliged to follow her in order to gain a hearing.

"One day not long since (do you remember it?) you were holding forth to Spitfire from the top of yonder rock." Ruth colored as she recalled the scene. "It was then I heard you make a remark which, at the time, struck me as being a peculiar one for a young girl circumstanced like yourself. It was to the effect that theatrical audiences generally did not understand that to which they were listening. Now this is a fact which (for it is a fact) I should not have supposed would ever have fallen under your observation. I have a curiosity on the subject. You have never been within the walls of a theatre, so you once said, how then did you know this circumstance?"

"I have read books," said Ruth, pursuing her walk, "and I have had, from my childhood up, the best and kindest of instructors in the person of Father Lee, an old man, a relative, who lives with us at the Light, and who, before he became a priest, had much experience of worldly life. Now you know all."

"No," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "not yet. One thing—" but without finishing, he bent abruptly and gathered up something which attracted his attention.

Ruth uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is your bill,—your money!"

"Is it?" he asked, carelessly. "Are you sure?—can you recognize it? What a strange affair it was altogether!"

"That was where I dropped it," said Ruth, "and, strange to say, I have never till this moment thought of looking for it. It is yours indisputably."

"I am glad of that. How otherwise than through the means of money am I ever to get away from this odious island? By the by," he added, "how is it you have never asked me why Spitfire yielded her right of jailor?"

"Simply because I did not care to know."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt laughed mockingly, "What a transparent answer! Do you think I cannot interpret it aright? Why did you not say at once, and frankly, 'I was too proud to ask?'"

Ruth reddened.

"Your power of interpretation is a remarkable one," she said; "you construe a meaning totally foreign to the one implied."

He looked at her with a close, acute and amused scrutiny.

"I translate the language of the eyes," he said, "when the lips fail to speak truly."

Ruth returned his gaze calmly but scornfully.

"That is an insinuation," she said, warmly, "which no gentleman should make but under the most aggravating circumstances, and which no woman but under such circumstances should forgive or forget. I shall do neither."

"Then," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "you will oblige me to do both, and in a double and concentrated quantity, in order to answer for each us."

His tone was good-natured as he made this remark, and Ruth had no idea of resenting it either by words or otherwise. She was silent.

"Was I not a true prophet?" proceeded Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "when I predicted my victory over Spitfire's wrath?"

"In this instance, yes. You look triumphant. Do you expect me to assume an appropriate aspect of humility?"

"Yes and no. I should like you to *feel* humility without *looking* it. For this reason, that I think you require some little discipline the kind; but as to *looking* it, that is another ing. Your usual, carelessly proud demeanor vastly more becoming and—"

"Enough," said Ruth, indignantly, "pray not trouble yourself to finish. Mr. Ahren- as Fate seems determined to throw us to- ther, let me say to you at the beginning, these few words: Unacquainted with the world as I am, I know perfectly well what your manner towards me for the last few days, and your biting badinage now, indicate. You are here without amusement or occupation. You wish to while away the heavy hours, and as no cause of excitement presents itself, you have concluded to create one. I have attracted, unfortunately, some small portion of your attention. You have considered the matter, and find that you may drive away dullness by amusing yourself at my expense. There is one slight objection to this, of which perhaps you have not thought. It is that I, Ruth Hallowell, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, whose low position and birth you despise in your heart, it is that I, poor, barefooted Ruth Hallowell will not allow my sense of the worth and dignity of all womanhood to be so trifled with. You shall not so amuse yourself with me. I say it plainly, because it may be many days before either of us is liberated, and it is better you should understand me at once. You humiliate yourself as well as me!" And with a flushed face, she darted past where Mr. Ahrenfeldt stood, blocking her way, and listening in astonishment to this harangue. Evidently there was something in what she had said which struck him. The color vibrated on his face, which, though a few days before pale and unhealthy-looking, in consequence of his injuries on the night of the wreck, was now fast regaining the vigorous appearance of manhood. He did not attempt to follow her, but sat down on the rocks to await the return which sooner or later she must make to avoid trespassing beyond the allowed limits of her walk. Ruth saw his design in this. She determined to thwart the interview he was evidently planning, or if that were not practicable, to delay it as long as possible. She confined her solitary promenade to the small space lying between Mr. Ahrenfeldt's position and the line of limit; and marched desperately back and forth without even glancing toward the rocks on which he sat.

At least Mr. Ahrenfeldt rose and approached her.

"You have just made an accusation," he said, gravely, "which is of a serious nature. I ask, because it is my right, that you listen to me. An accusation demands always a defence."

"It is scarcely necessary," said Ruth, "when the accusation in question brings its own and fullest proof."

"Will you listen to me?" he asked, impatiently.

"I can hardly refuse in justice to do so, I suppose."

"You are right there. Ruth Hallowell, answer me solemnly, do you or do you not believe in Fate?"

"I do not believe in it," replied the girl, readily. "God *governs* the world. He does not tyrannize over it."

"But you *must* believe! There is an impenetrable Fate over entire creation. Human nature—all animate things—are controlled by its inevitable laws. This is my defence;—I am no idle trifler, although I may have seemed such—*I am meeting my Fate.*"

"You!" involuntarily said Ruth, coloring deeply, yet more excited than alarmed by his impetuosity.

"I!" he repeated, seeking her glance.—"Ruth Hallowell, I am meeting my Fate."

Then suddenly seeming to recollect himself, he turned away abruptly, with the aspect of one who hardens himself against the temptation for farther speech.

But he had been, as he wished, understood.

CHAPTER VIII.

A night or two after there arose a great storm. The three prisoners were, as usual, in their subterranean cells. They heard the roll of thunder shivering over Lighthouse Island, mingled with the sound of water lashed to fury by the tempest. At intervals there came a lull, a momentary, breathless lull, that only rendered more terrible the confusion of elements which followed.

To Ruth Hallowell, lying with wakeful, nervous eyes on her rude couch, it seemed during this night as though chaos had come again, for the fearful echoes in the cavern magnified the storm an hundred fold. She lay there, listening, listening, till her very brain whirled in giddiness, and her excited, aching eyes refused their office of perfect vision. All things within her room reeled before her sight, and when her last candle slowly and flickeringly burned to its socket the darkness was grateful.

The sounds abroad were terrible. Lash, lash against the rocks without came those great enraged breakers, like beasts of prey, shrieking with a cruel hunger for human life. The thought came—not once, but many times—should these waves penetrate the cavern through the fissures in its sides, what but death must ensue to all three of them, prisoners as they were, helpless mortals in the hands of destiny?

"I will pray," said Ruth, with childlike simplicity, "I will pray to God to be with us."

And, kneeling down, she clasped her hands, and sent up her humble midnight petition.—Some way she felt, when it was concluded, that Eternity was not yet to exist for her, that there was a mission—a woman's true and noble mission upon earth—that now was unfulfilled, a mission which stood waiting her, and was not to wait in vain. What it was she knew not, but she was earnestly aware that it was destined to create good, however humble a form the mission assumed. A beautiful courage infused itself into her spirit. She felt strong to wage the Battle of Life, and by steadfastness to conquer.

"The victory shall be all for the glory of my Master," she said, rising from the attitude of prayer. "*I will labor for the honor and love of Him alone.*"

And still the flood and wind roared in awful concord. She thought of the night of the wreck, of the terrible scenes to which she had then been witness, of the white, stark bodies lying dead in the moonlight, of the life she had there saved, and which—she trembled as she thought it—had already appealed, indefinitely, it is true, to her own as its Fate. Its Fate! Had she comprehended the term aright? Fate! Fate! What was it? What was it Philip Ahrenfeldt meant to demand at her hands?

There was a light tap at the door of connection between the two rooms. She kept it locked always, both day and night. Groping her way to it, she undid the fastenings, and threw it open, midnight as it was. At first a flood of dim candle-light blinded her eyes with glare, but this passed away speedily, and she recognized Jem, and, a little behind him, the serious and anxious face of his companion. It was evident he had instigated Jem to knock, and coming forward now, he said, quietly,

"This is a terrible night. Do you not think you will feel safer to pass the remainder of it with your brother and myself?"

"I am not afraid," said Ruth, faintly smiling. "However, I will leave the door open."

"Then you intend to try to sleep?"

"Without doubt."

"But you cannot succeed."

"Perhaps not. I am willing to make the attempt. And you—shall not you do the same?"

"I cannot," he said; "it is too wild a night, and neither of us knows what is the security of this place."

"This 'ere cave has been here as long as the island itself," volunteered Jem, "and I never yet heard of nothing happening."

Jem seldom spoke to his fellow-prisoners, and when he did, it was, as in this case, with the gruff, sneering air of a superior.

"Come," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, addressing Ruth, "take my advice. Do not try to sleep again to-night. Some one of us should keep watch; why not all, for the sake of passing time less gloomily?"

"Less gloomily!" repeated Ruth Hallowell, looking bitterly around the low-roofed, miserable den in which they were; "what earthly power can better our situation?"

She sank into a chair, the only one the room contained, and, hiding her face, wept unrestrainedly. Never before had she realized so acutely the wretched place, and their positions as prisoners. Her nerves had become weakened by her long confinement and the different trials to which she had been subject, and she wept with all a child's passionate *abandon*.—When she had subdued this burst of grief, and had uncovered her face, she saw looking at her pityingly, tenderly, Philip Ahrenfeldt. But,

"Poor child! poor child!" was all he said.

Ruth sat there a long, long while. She dared not now go back to sleep, for the wind howled in the cavern with such frantic, desperate reverberations that she was afraid. She sat there a long, long while, her hands clasped together in her lap, her head bowed sorrowfully, and tears still wet upon her cheeks.—Presently Mr. Ahrenfeldt's voice broke silence:

AHRENFELDT BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR.

"I wonder," he said, curiously, "if Sonora is like Ruth?"

Glancing up, the girl met his quiet gaze again.

"Sonora!" she said, with surprise, "surely you know better than I—I who have not seen Sonora for very many years."

"How many?" he asked.

"Seven years; seven long years."

"And which is the eldest—will you tell me?"

"I am," said Ruth, with girlish pride; "I am twenty-one—Sonora is but nineteen, as you already know, perhaps."

"No, I did not," he said; "how should I, when I have never seen her?"

"Never seen her!"

"No, never. I have only heard of her."

"How strange!" cried Ruth, her gray eyes sparkling with interest and curiosity, and her features assuming, in consequence, an aspect of unusual beauty. "How can that be, if you are Sonora's adopted brother?"

"Very easily. You need not look at me in that way. I have not deceived you. I am, indeed, Sonora's brother, although I have never beheld her. I went abroad, as you may remember, two years before my father's death, which occurred six years ago. Perhaps this is why you did not hear more of me. I was homeward bound when I was wrecked on this accursed island, no, *not* accursed," he added quickly, "for had it not been for that wreck I should never have met Sonora's sister."

Ruth glanced at Jem. He had fallen asleep.

"I would to heaven," she said, impulsively, "that you never had."

"Why?" he demanded with sudden animation, "I defy you to tell me why. You are not speaking sincerely. You are *acting*—yes, acting as you did that day when you recited to Spitfire from the rocks."

"I am not acting," denied Ruth.

"Then give me your reasons. If they are worthy of being entertained, they are worthy of being uttered."

She was silent.

"Ruth—Ruth Hallowell, speak!" He came near her. He bent over her till his long, unshorn beard swept her cheek. "Speak! tell me! More hangs upon your answer than you and your girl's feeble heart can realize. Speak!"

"Go away," she cried, "you confuse me. You have no right to venture so near me. Go farther off."

"There! I obey. Your reasons—your reasons?"

"You shall have them. I am not ashamed to tell them to you. I wish that you had never found your way here, because I feel in that 'feeble heart,' which you seem so infinitely to look down upon, that no good can ever accrue from our having met. I know it as certainly as though the Fate in which you have such implicit belief had this moment uttered the decree in our hearing."

Again Mr. Ahrenfeldt came beside her.

"It is strange," he said, in a low voice, "that I should have felt this same presentiment." He paused awhile, then broke out impetuously. "But it shall not be. I will defeat Fate herself, brave perseverance shall overcome all destiny."

"You are impious," was Ruth's response to this outbreak, "for if there is such a thing as Fate what is it but the will of God?"

"I am in no mood at present for the discussion of theology," was the somewhat harsh answer as he turned away. He sat down upon the straw, and shading his eyes with his hands, glared about the room with the fitful, wide stare of a maniac. But when his glance fell again on the calm, unmoved features of the woman, whom, despite the barriers of rank and fortune, he had learned to love even within these few days, his gaze softened till its expression resumed its natural healthiness.

"It is strange, very, very strange."

"What is strange?" said Ruth, abstractedly. She, too, had had her thoughts in this bitter interval of time, but she had neither penetrated nor comprehended those of her companion.

"What!—Life's contrasts." Ruth colored slightly.

"I know of what you are thinking," she exclaimed. "You have not forgotten that you are Philip Ahrenfeldt, and that I am the daughter—"

"Of John Hallowell, the keeper of a lighthouse. You see I have a good memory," he said, bitterly. And, not for the first time, Ruth beheld upon his face a glimmer of pride; it was not vanity, but rank, unadulterated pride.

"Some day," she said, desperately, "you will forget this. I prophesy it. Or no," she added, passionately, "you shall do better than that. *You shall remember it*, and, remembering it, you shall acknowledge me as your equal—as I am."

"As you are," he said, looking towards her with open, undisguised admiration.—"As you are! Ruth Hallowell, could I care for you if this were not so? For I *do* care for you, as never yet I cared for woman. Could I overleap the worldly barriers that lie between us did I not in my heart and soul acknowledge you as my equal? Answer me *that!*"

"You have *not* overleaped them," she replied, "these 'worldly barriers' annoy and torment you. The thought of them carries a sting for your pride which you have not surmounted, and which galls you more and more, instead of less and less, as you would have me suppose. When they shall have ceased to wound, then and only then shall you feel me really to be your equal. And, as God made each of us, we *are* equal. I own no superior but Him!"

She rose, and going into her own room, flung herself in reckless excitement on her bed. Life, during the last few days, had assumed for Ruth Hallowell a new character. To her they were days of strange experiences. She thirsted *feverishly for a glimpse* down the broad vista of the future, that she might know the result of all this unrest. Was it to be peace? Or was it to terminate as it began—unrest!

Rich glows chased each other over her face; her eyes glittered with more than their usual scornfulness, and both blush and scorn was for that low estate from which she had so often striven hopelessly to rise, and which now stood like walls of ice between her and futurity. Could she conquer it?

"Yes!" she said, with passion, "that low position shall be vanquished. I am young. I know that I am beautiful; I know that I have intellect. And what more than these in woman is requisite? They *shall* be recognized!" And thinking incoherent ideas like these, amid the wailing of the bleak winds, the uproar of the waters, Ruth Hallowell slept. Slept and dreamed bewildering dreams, in which were crowded confusedly the many events, the dangers, the hopes, the wounded human vanities of the last few days.

It must have been towards morning when with a start she awoke, conscious with strange intuitive knowledge that some great and immediate danger impended, and when she saw at her bedside both her brother and Philip Ahrenfeldt, she saw that the apprehension was not an idle one. The shrieking winds, the noise of falling rain, the confusion of the tempest had passed away; she heard only the calm but significant flowing of water, and nearer than it had ever seemed before.

"What is it?" she said, springing instantly up, "what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

The pale candle-light gave a still ghastlier hue to Jem Hallowell's face than it was wearing as he said hoarsely,

"The tides, the tides!"

These were awful words to Ruth. She understood their full import. She knew too well the tales of inundations which from time immemorial had visited that part of the country. She remembered suddenly that this was the season of the year when these destructive overflows took place. She remembered, and, filled with horror, did not utter one word, for that resistless movement of the quietly advancing waves, filled all her senses. The sound came from the cave itself. She realized that it was gradually being filled—that death, and the long agony of its anticipation was before them. I have said, I think, that Ruth Hallowell did not fear to die. What was it, then, sent that sudden tremor through her heart? What was it gathered back to her life's sources the color and light from cheek and eyes? Alas, the last few days had given her a glimpse into the glories of human existence, of whose power and strength she had never before dreamed. Life had taken an enchanting, splendid hue, that enhanced death's sombre features. She shrank with all her soul from the thought of quitting the earth *now!* She turned loathingly from the grim destiny which these deceitful tides prophesied for all three of them.

"Look!" said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, indicating with the lighted candle in his hand, the room which he and Jem Hallowell had just vacated. Ruth stepped forward, glancing wonderingly into it, the light flashing through its gloomy depths.

"What is it?" she cried. "I see nothing." But with a cry she comprehended all!

Good heavens! through the crevice under the door welled slowly inward, as something which naught could oppose, a dark, tranquil flood! Already the floor was covered to the depth of several inches; Ruth's apartment, being elevated by a slight step, was not yet invaded. All doubt was dispelled. It was indeed Death which menaced them! Unknown, slow, horrible death!

Mr. Ahrenfeldt now hastily put down his light, and, one after the other, tried the doors. But they were, heavy, solid pieces of timber, well hung, securely locked and bolted on the outer side. His vain efforts to burst them, only called to his forehead the purple blood of extreme exertion. Jem, too, brought his undeveloped strength to bear, but the utmost force of the two combined was utterly useless. The door resisted every attempt. What then was to be done. Were they to sit calmly down, and—despair? Were they then and there to renounce the hope of life? For a moment these two men stood regarding each other in gathering dismay, while still, still, that cold-death-tide flowed in upon them gradually but surely. Already it had begun to enter the chamber—the second chamber. Not a moment was to be lost! Again they applied themselves to the door.

"Courage," said Ruth, throwing into her voice the last, poor remnant of hope which animated her own breast. "Courage—courage! Whatever arrives, let us remember *God* does not desert us!"

"It yields," cried Jem, "it yields—I felt it. Spit has accidentally left that ere bolt undone, I am sure."

Philip Ahrenfeldt's face was pale and rigid, like a statue's. Every line of it spoke of self-possession, and newly acquired decision of character. Great beads of perspiration were on his forehead. He looked like a man, growing old in a single hour.

"Stop!" he cried to Jem, "stand out of the way, you impede me. I have become suddenly strong. I feel as though I could rend mountains. Let me try it alone."

Awed into obedience by that imperious voice and gesture, Jem moved aside, eyeing him the while with lip curling scorn.

Mr. Ahrenfeldt seemed to be gathering together his strength, then impetuously rushing against the door, he strove to force it open. It creaked, it bent, it swayed in his hands like a reed in the wind—still it yielded not. Unsettled from its place as they had rendered it previously, it would not give way even now. At last, with one vast, convulsive effort, Mr Ahrenfeldt fell backward, the sudden rending of the wood of the surrounding framework having effected the object.

Actuated by joy, hope, and that more ungenerous motive power of our nature, the instinct of self-preservation, Jem Hallowell rushed to the opening without thought of any other safety than his own. Pausing awhile to contemplate the prospect of stemming the water, he sprang through the door-way, and in the darkness, was soon endeavoring to make his way towards the entrance of the cave.

Ruth saw his design, and holding aloft the only candle that remained to them, watched his progress with an eager, sisterly interest, which the ungrateful lad scarcely deserved, the lurid flickering flame making the deep shadows of the place to appear still deeper and vaster. The floor of the cavern shelved gradually down as it neared its mouth, and this of course occasioned a constantly increasing depth to the water. Ruth thought this must be so from her slight knowledge of the place, and therefore she was not surprised when she saw Jem strike out to swim, after wading a short distance.

"Ruth?"

She turned at the sound of that voice.

"Are you afraid," it said, "are you afraid? Will you trust me? I think I can bring both you and me out of all this terror. I require only that you have faith in me. Will you trust me?"

"Yes," she answered, fervently, "now and always."

A cry, a loud resounding cry rang through the cavern, as she pronounced these words.

"Jem, my brother—oh, Jem, Jem!" she murmured, becoming deadly pale.

Then there came a confused, stifled sound as of struggle. In a brief period everything was still again. The impenetrable darkness hid all distant things from vision. Knee deep in water, in which, alarmed by this piercing cry, they had impulsively rushed, these two stood, mutely regarding each other. Neither dared express their fears of the fate which each felt solemnly might at that moment have befallen Jem Hallowell. A grim, terrible despair as to their own probable destiny was legible in their faces. It was a moment, which, should they survive, they could never forget.

"Give me your hand," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, hoarsely, "I can at least place you out of the present reach of destruction. You see these craggy projections at the sides? We must clamber up them. It is impossible, as we have just seen, to reach the mouth of the cave. Give me your hand."

He assisted her to climb these rocks, and bearing the candle, which was already almost half consumed, followed her in silence. They attained soon its utmost height. It was merely an elevation of a few feet, yet it was one of the highest which the water placed within reach. Mr. Ahrenfeldt went to the extremity of the rock and looked eagerly, anxiously into the abyss of black, rolling water below. Ruth sank down, and totally unnerved, burst into a passion of tears. It was not for herself she wept. It was at the awful, overwhelming thought that perhaps even now, the rash, sinful soul of her

brother, might be in all its human impurity, before its Eternal Judge. Tears of blood could not have wrung her heart more bitterly than those she wept then and there.

And all the while, the waters were rising, rising. The moments were as ages. Suspense, dread anticipation filled the minds of these two with forlorn, supreme despair. They did not dare to bid each other hope. They seemed to be on the verge of slow, desperate death. A long, long while they sat there with the darkness gathering around them, as the feeble flame of the candle waned and at last expired.

Still the waters were rising, rising.

Still through the humid atmosphere came that unceasing dash and clamor of conflicting billows. The sound compressed, confined within walls, took a solemn character as of a vast dirge. It *was* a dirge! A dirge over a soul, gone suddenly from earth to judgment!

Oh, this mystery of life and death! Why cannot one fathom it—why cannot we, with one great gaze, conquer its obscurity? We speculate, we sigh—we marvel, and still to human sight the veil is as thickly drawn as ever. What is it? Who can *dare* to say! Only when we shall have breathed away our souls, can the mystery be made known. Till then, science, art, religion may wonder in vain! Between this man and woman not a word was spoken. But this silence had for each its revelations. They knew themselves and each other as they were truly. All concealment—all falseness—all self-sophistry was banished. Mutually, and as by intuition, they recognized the unspoken bond that united them. They felt that henceforward, if life were spared, they were ONE.

Once, and once only was this silence broken. It was when Ruth Hallowell heard these words, and lowly as they were uttered, they penetrated above the increasing tumult of the rushing flood—the dreadful surge of water. These they were:—

"Ruth Hallowell, do you hate me *now*?"

And she felt that the blue, pale eyes of Philip Ahrenfeldt were striving to pierce the night, that they might behold her own.

Alas, still the waters were rising, rising.

It laved the summit of their rock of retreat; already they felt the spray dashing over their feet. With each successive wave approached farther encroachment. On, on it came—higher and fiercer than before! They clung to each other. They shrieked wild, desperate words to God. They cried to Him to save, who never yet heard not.

Rising, rising!

The billows leaped over them with mad, surging motion. They held themselves steadfast by the projecting rocks, striving frantically to elevate themselves above the reach of their enemy. In vain, in vain! Still it advanced, slowly gaining upon them each instant. Then it was, that the last, desolate hope deserted Philip Ahrenfeldt. He knew then that they must die. That nothing save a miracle could rescue them. But closer than ever he clasped the woman whom he loved and who loved him. It was a bitter consolation, but still a consolation, to know that they were to perish together; that neither should be left to tell the tale of that miserable night. All the passion—the agony—the fury—the despair—of his soul was in that fierce embrace.

The moments grew longer and longer, with horrible suspense. Nearer about them closed the shadow of impending destruction.

* * * * *

What was it? Great heaven, could it be! were the waves indeed receding; had their overflowing sources emptied themselves, and were they now about reclaiming their own? One instant more—wait, wait,—a little while and it would be decided!

Yes, thank God, yes! Divine mercy had rescued these perishing human beings.

Slowly the black waters retreated. Oh, the blessedness of that newness of hope—that newness of those visions of life!

Gradually, above and around, fell the soft, hazy gloom of early morning, broadening by degrees into quiet, yellow daylight. It penetrated the cave; it lit in mellow, shadowy rays the sparry roof, and flung a fathomless, fantastic glory over the restless water.

"Saved!" suddenly cried Ruth Hallowell in a wild, exultant voice, "saved, saved!"

And as the unmistakable sound of oars came nearer and nearer, and Philip Ahrenfeldt saw in the dusky light an approaching boat, the Ark of Safety that was to bear them from the fearful spot, he blessed God in his deepest heart.

And not only for this solemn preservation, but also that he and the woman beside him were ONE forever.

Years have passed since then, yet the tides have never abated sufficiently to allow entrance to the cavern in any other manner than by navigation. As time fled, it ceased to be an object of interest or curiosity to the neighborhood, although to this day, strangers who are attracted to the adjacent New Jersey villages, occasionally run over to the island bay to visit a spot to which tradition links so much of wild adventure. (TO BE CONTINUED)

RULES FOR GROWING OLD.—At the late commencement of Yale College the Rev. Daniel Waldo, as the oldest graduate present, (of the class of 1788) thus closed a speech to the assembled Alumni:—

"I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slow—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time *be honest*. The best profession is the ministry of the Gospel. If you have not talents enough to be a minister, be a lawyer—but be an honest lawyer. Pope's line should be altered to read:—

"'An honest lawyer is the noblest work of God.'"

☞ "What," asked Margarita of Cecilia, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "To Matilda;" "Lofty and Lowly;" "An Old Maid;" "To the Comet;" "Fond Memory;" "The Past and the Future."

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE INDIA REBELLION.

The London *Times* is, as everybody knows, the organ of the High Toryism of Great Britain. It is the voice of the Circumlocution Office, the Barnacles, Stalkinstilts, and Sir Leicester Dedlocks of English society and government. It is sometimes on the right side by accident; always on the wrong side by design. Its politics and philosophy are selfish, gross, spontaneous, ferocious,—always of the earth earthy. It is worldly wise, and worldly wisdom when unallied to the wisdom which is not altogether of this world, is but another name for foolishness. It is the unvarying advocate of measures based on the idea of domination by force or by fraud. If Pythagoras, who is said to have taught the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of animals into the bodies of men, was not gravely mistaken in his theory, the editors of the *Times* must have been kites and bull-dogs, before they reached the human form, into which they have carried the instincts and passions of their former existence. Our readers will remember how sedulously, when the Crampton matter was in discussion, the *Times* endeavored to fan the bitter and angry feeling which naturally arose in the public mind of England, into a flame of war against America. Had it existed eighty years ago, it would have surely taken sides against Burke, Barre, Chatham, and all the just and generous minds of England, and hailed words of blood and death on the cause of John Adams and Richard Henry Lee, Hancock and Patrick Henry, Franklin and Jefferson, and all the "rebels" who set their fronts against the tyranny of George. It naturally loves injustice and violence.

Its present mission is to arouse and exasperate the British mind into a brutal putting down of the revolt in India. It does not propose to allay the fever spasm of revolution in that country by wise and firm measures of amelioration and justice; it yells for massacre. The ignorant, barbarous, bigoted East Indian soldiers—no angels they, but fallen and depraved men—their poor, rude, darkened natures stimulated to frenzy by the repeated insults and outrages of their officers, and by the suspicion that their religion was to be tampered with, as well as by the circumstances of their long years of subjugation—have risen at last, and murdered with aggravated brutality of every kind, all European men, women and children within their reach. Dark, wild, coarse human nature, long trampled on, rises with a blood-roar, and wreaks its revenge. It is time for the leading journal of a Christian country to speak—advising, of course, firm repression of all mutiny, but also pointing out the causes that provoked the mutiny, and showing the need of nobler men and nobler measures for the future. What does the *Times* say? It hurls every epithet of execration on the insurrectionists—"merciless fiends"—"bloodthirsty mutineers"—"Indian ruffians;" it brazenly denies in the very face of unimpeached evidence, that they had any cause whatever for their red rebellion; it brazenly asserts in the face of facts that they never suffered any harshness, any insult, any injury, and that they were "petted," "spoiled," "pampered," always treated with "over indulgence;" and it demands their immediate and bloody extermination! Such, in brief, are the statements it makes, and the counsel it offers, in a recent article, already widely copied and circulated in this country—an article characterized as well by flagrant sophistry and unscrupulous mendacity, as by the hideous malignity of its spirit and purpose.

As the *Times* article will be read extensively here, and as its confident and impudent tone may mislead the judgment of some people, let us briefly point out its main falsehoods and sophistries, while we brand its brute ferocity.

In the first place, let us say that the *Times*, in pursuance of its design to show that this revolt is only an outbreak of exceptional ruffianism, asserts that it is entirely confined to the army. It says:—

"Had this been the case of a popular insurrection—had it been the rising of a people maddened by centuries of oppression, as in the days of the first French revolution, there would have been less to be said. Nothing of the sort, however, was the case here. The insurrection has been merely a military insurrection, in which the people have taken no share. Had they done so, we should have heard of support afforded by them to the mutineers long since. The population of British India have had nothing to do with these atrocities, if we except, indeed, the class of camp-followers and the scum of the cities let forth to their bloody work by the apparent but momentary success of the mutinous troops."

This is falsehood. The insurrection *is* popular, and oppression is its cause. Lord John Russell, D'Israeli, Gladstone, and others in the British Parliament, have presented ample evidence of its true character. Here is an extract from the letter of an English officer—an eye-witness—published in all the English papers:—

"The crisis may be said to have been over on the 22nd, but our position then was a most dangerous one, from which the hand of Providence, using as his instrument the best soldiers and politicals in India, has rescued us. Fancy 2,000 Europeans in a station with seven regiments, all, with one exception, prepared to rise on us, backed up by a cantonment populated with the greatest scoundrels, a city full of ruffians ready to join the mutineers, and a chain of forts surrounding us, garrisoned by four more regiments ready to combine and march down upon us! Further on we were encircled by the hills, full of fanatics thirsting for our blood and in open concert with the mutineers. To add to our troubles, the country people, knowing what was impending on that day, (22nd) would not bring in supplies, nor would the Mooltan levies take service until it was seen how we should fare."

Mark the points of this evidence. Not only the soldiers, says our English officer, were "prepared to rise on us"—but a whole cantonment of the people—"scoundrels," he terms them—an entire city full of the people—"ruffians," he calls them—the surrounding hills full of the people—"fanatics," he calls them—and these were acting "in open concert with the mutineers"—while the country population all about were refusing to bring in supplies—why?—because they were so friendly to the English? If this is not "popular insurrection," what is?

The *Times*, by way of inflaming the British mind—not for the sake of the facts, but for what a recital of the facts, artfully put, may effect—mentions the atrocities perpetrated by the infuriated populace. It tells

"Of families murdered in cold blood—and murder was mercy—of the violation of English ladies in the presence of their husbands, of their parents, of their children—and then, and not till then, of their assassination. The well-nigh universal massacre of the British officers by the Sepoys was the mildest feature in the affair; of the horrors which in too many instances preceded the massacre we cannot speak."

Much of this is true, no doubt. The barbarities committed by the Sepoys were dreadful beyond the power of language to describe. But further on the *Times* asks—

"What had our poor outraged country women done that they should be so foully abused? What injury had the wretched English children inflicted upon the population of British India in general, or upon the Bengalese soldiers in particular, that their brains should be dashed out against the ground—that they should be flung up in the air, and be caught as they descended upon the bayonets of these villains?"

And still further on, the *Times*, in defence of the savage counsel it gives regarding the massacre of the mutineers, says—

"A terrible example is needed—an example which shall be spoken of in the villages of British India for generations to come."

Ah, indeed! It did not occur to the *Times* that this infernal logic might work two ways. Perhaps those pagan savages, if haled before the Christian savage who reasons thus, and asked to show good cause for their barbarities towards inoffensive women and children, might answer, in turn, after reciting the wrongs inflicted by the British power on them and their country—"a terrible example was needed—an example which should be spoken of in the villages of England for generations to come!" Great Heaven!—if a Christian people can be preached into the practice of the wild creed of vengeance—if their hearts and hands can be taught to forget the love of Christ and to work the hate of Cain—what better things can be expected from the heathen of Hindostan? Could this base journalist, as he penned his bloody diatribe, recount the crimes wrought by pagans on his country women, and not feel his logic recoil upon him—recoil with his remembrance of that terrific cry of "beauty and booty" which has been yelled a hundred times by a ferocious British soldiery at the sack and slaughter of many a town, and which rings forever in history! Talk of the Sepoy barbarities—strain the utmost capacities of language to add a ghastlier hue to these horrors—toil to show that they are peculiar—extraordinary—unexampled; but when all is said that can be, the master of the facts of history can find a counterpart for every one of them in the records of civilized Europe.

Every manly-hearted man must shudder at these Sepoy atrocities, but that shudder has a memory which must recall with grief and shame, the actions of men who have professed the mild and gracious faith of his Redeemer. Even while these blatant bellowings of the *Times* resound over the continents, see what deeds are being done by the British authorities in India. Here is part of a letter from an English officer, dated from Peshawur, in that country, and printed in the English journals:—

"Some of the 200 prisoners of the 55th have been tried, and *we blew forty of them away from our guns* in the presence of the whole force three days ago—a fearful but necessary example, which has struck terror into their souls. Three sides of a square were formed, ten guns pointing outwards, the sentence of the court was read, a prisoner bound to each gun, the signal given, and the salvo fired. Such a scene I hope never again to witness—human trunks, heads, legs, arms, &c., flying about in all directions. All met their fate with firmness but two, who would not be tied up; so to save time they were dropped to the ground and their brains blown out by musketry."

Here is an extract from a letter dated from another Indian town:—

"The other ten mutineers were led away to the artillery guns; but while their irons were being struck off, some cried out, 'Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty.' Two others, 'Hold your snivelling—die men and not cowards; you defended your religion, why then do you crave your lives? Sahibs! they are not sahibs, they are dogs.' Some more began to upbraid their commanding officer. 'He released the havildar major, who was the chief of the rebels.' The ten men were fastened to the muzzles of the ten guns which were charged with blank cartridge. The commanding officer directed port fires to be lit. 'Ready!' 'Fire!' and the drama was played out. The scene and stench were overpowering; I felt myself terribly convulsed, and could observe that the numerous native spectators were awestricken, that they not only trembled like aspen leaves, but also changed into unnatural hues. Precaution was not taken to remove the sponge and load-men from near the muzzles of the guns; the consequence was, that they were greatly bespattered with blood, and one man received a strong blow from an arm."

Enough—the heart sickens!

Let it be remembered that the forcible conquest of a country, the subjugation of a people, involves such consequences as these. Yet we are sometimes instructed by journalists that the only question to be asked in the contemplation of such a conquest and such a subjugation is, "Will it pay?"—or "How much money can we make by it?" We must not ask, "Is it right?"—oh, no—that is not "practical." Righteousness is not "practical"—humanity is not "practical"—the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule are not "practical." "Put money in thy purse"—Iago's counsel—that alone is "practical." Out upon such baseness! Will it pay? The question is fit only for the lips of burglars and buccaneers—men who have made evil their good, and forsaken God and Heaven.

Yet men might ask, will it pay?—and read the answer in history. When was a public robbery ever profitable? If England loses India, as she lost America, a loss directly consequent upon the primary injustice of the conquest, will it pay to lose a revenue of twelve millions of pounds sterling, every penny of which she might have had and kept to the end of time, by establishing fair and frank commercial relations with that country at the outset, and maintaining them with faith and honor? Has it paid to have gained so much wealth at the cost of so much grief and gore as this revolt has demanded? Answer, English mothers, English fathers, who sit this day weeping in the brave and proud old land, for the sons and daughters slain on those far Indian plains, whom you shall meet on earth no more—answer, and tell us whether all the money grasped between Hastings and Dalhousie is worth one grain of sand weighed against the tears you drop in your agony.

No, it will not pay! Little hope is there that the bull headed Barnacles, the stone-blind Stalkinstilts of the Circumlocution Office, the mean and mercenary red-tapists of Downing street, the reckless gamblers of the Stock Exchange, the bullies and bruisers of the army and navy, and the rabble of the streets, will learn that fraud and force are always unprofitable, and that public honesty is the best public policy. But there is a rising spirit in Britain—there is the gallant Young England slowly taking form and purpose amidst the collisions and confusions of the nation, and to that the eyes of thoughtful men are turned. May it hear and heed those silent speaking words—once spoken by that still, strong Cromwell who ruled the realm so well—"If there be any man who thinks that the interests of Christianity and the interests of this nation, are two separate and distinct things, I pray God that my soul may not enter into his counsels!"

KEEPING ON THE SHADY SIDE OF SUMMER.

We have had an unusually cool summer so far, but the last of August and the first of September are drawing nigh, and we shall not probably be convicted of prophesying falsely if we say, after the manner of the old Almanacs—look—out—for—hot—weather—about—this—time! It is not therefore too late, but rather we are just in season, to send out a few hints which we compile in part, from the logre and scattered wisdom always floating, like thistle-down, through the public mind, relative to the best way of getting along when the thermometer is high, and the summer air we breathe scorches our nostrils like the blasts from a furnace.

It may be laid down as a primary axiom that the main object in hot weather is to keep as cool and comfortable as possible. A great deal of summer sickness is undoubtedly caused by a neglect of this plain rule. A flustered and anxious mind, and a torrid and steaming body, are sad enemies to health when the dog-star rages.

But long vacations and sweet, languid days in the woods and by the sea, good things as they are when the breath of the equator blows over the land, are not within the reach of us, the legions of the lower fifty thousand, nor will they be till we get safely to Utopia, where we shall have everything arranged as we want it. Our substitute for what the Italians so expressively call the *dolce far niente*—the delicious idleness—must be the lightening of our work, the lessening of our cares, and the amelioration of our physical discomforts, as far as compatible with present existing arrangements. Let us see what we can do.

First, the houses in which we poor folks live. The largest and coolest room we have, should be chosen for the family sitting room. The windows should be left open, in order to admit as much air as possible, and the blinds on the sunny side should be closed. Many country houses are without blinds, and every person will find his comfort greatly increased by making a little expenditure therefor. Every farmer, or mechanic, or other able person, has handicraft enough to make light wooden frames to fit the lower, or open, half of his windows, and by tacking some cheap gauze on these, he will have a simple contrivance to keep those Egyptian plagues—the flies and musquitoes out of his dwelling. This is a great stroke of domestic statesmanship, and we advise every one who is not in love with these troublesome insects, to put it in execution.

Of the physiological good of trees we have not long since spoken. The citizen must thank his good luck if accident, or the chance wisdom of benevolence of his city fathers, has planted them along his street, or near his dwelling, and thus given him not only the blessing of the health, but of the grateful shade, they bestow. The countryman has things in his own hands to a greater extent, and he will do well to put a belt of green and graceful elms, or thick-foliaged sycamores, or tremulous poplars, around his abode. Some people are foolish enough to cut down the trees around their houses, in order to let the house be seen. We advise them to rather take the hint of the Irish statesman, Curran, and cut down the house instead. A girdle of trees around one's dwelling, is at once a shield against the summer heat and the winter cold. Let every farmer, or house-owner, have it, if possible. Skillful transplantation in the proper season, will secure him this great benefit, but better have it by the slow growth from a sapling than not have it at all.

Then about the garments we wear. Let us be comfortable—let us throw fashions, and modes and usages to the dogs, which is a very good place for them. Working men should wear as few and as light and loose clothes as can be had. Women also will find it profitable to dress thinly, with as few skirts as possible, and children should be also clad lightly and coolly. A lady we know has a night dress for her children which is admirable. It is a single garment, at once a shirt and drawers, made rather loose, reaching from the neck to the ankles, and buttoning down the back. Children thus clad during sleep need no other covering, and are not liable to take cold by kicking the clothes off. Why wouldn't such a bed garment be good for adults also?

The summer work should be simplified and lessened as much as possible during the warm weather. Save the strength for the autumn days. Take life as easily and methodically as may be. Much may be done in the household by diminishing the cooking. Plain and light food in hot weather is always better for the health. Cold bread, fruits, &c., are healthy, and can be provided with little trouble. Let as much of the boiling, baking and frying be reserved for the cooler weather as possible. The labor of washing may be lightened by dividing it between two or three days—instead of making it a hard and heavy one day's work—and by doing it in the cool of the early morning. Let men in the fields and shops spare their labor—take good noonings and sufficient rest. Let employers be generous and thoughtful in their requirements of their laborers. People work all the better when they are not tasked or driven.

Good sleep at night is essential to health and comfort in the summer. Therefore sleep cool. Leave the windows open. If the frames we mentioned are put to the windows—and they can be made at little expense—the nightly rest will be undisturbed by mosquitoes—a great point. A bath every night before retiring will make sleep calm and sweet and deep. Persons who have not a bath-room, can easily manage with a sponge or a wet towel, and make no slop either. This is another great point. Warm water does not agree with some constitutions, but we think the generality of people will find it more advantageous than cold. A warm bath in hot weather, constitution permitting, cools one delightfully. The philosophy of it is that the air, however warm, in its contact with the body, heated by bathing, has the effect of coolness. Besides, warm bathing relaxes the tense skin, thus opening the pores, and letting the system breathe freely through these myriad mouths. The cool, delicious repose a person enjoys after a bath disposes him, or her, to awake at dawn, happy with refreshment, and exclaiming with Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man who first invented sleep!"

Lord Bacon in one of his books—the treatise on "The Prolongation of Life"—among many wise, (and not a few fantastical,) recipes for the preservation of bodily health, prescribes in one place "heroic desires," and in another "to do nothing against one's genius"—that is, attractions, or inclinations. Is there not a deep and true sense in these prescriptions—bearing in mind how the bodily conditions are influenced by the spiritual? Undoubtedly, noble and generous thoughts and aspirations—a soul above the multiplication table, above anger, jealousy, envy, spite, and all low passions—and a spirit in love with its earthly work, and doing it with hearty contentment—ensure in a great degree, health and happiness. Let our summer readers remember this, not only for the present summer, but for all the summers and the winters they shall see.

TEA AS A SUMMER DRINK.—A little editorial of ours with the above caption has been going the rounds of the city and country press without credit. Of course, the latter circumstance is, as Toots would say, of no consequence, but one of the country papers prints the article with the concluding remark, "So says Dickens," which induces us to say that Dickens never said anything of the kind, but that ours is the voice that sounded the praises of iced tea. And, by the way, let us remark that iced coffee, with sugar and cream, is a summer beverage that goes to the exhausted spot most effectually. We wonder that some of our saloon keepers don't advertise these delightful drinks "which cheer but not inebriate," among their sodas and water ices and creams, all of which are inferior to them both in refreshment and sustaining power. But improvement, as Burke said of confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and we suppose it will be a century before the public finds out what luxuries iced tea and coffee are in the summer solstice.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES, by T. B. MACAULAY, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is another railway volume. It consists of delineations of various historical and literary characters, principally taken from the famous History of England by the same author, and shows how with a few skillful pen-strokes, Macaulay can draw a brilliant portrait.

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, a valuable medical journal, edited by Drs. Ranking and Radcliffe, is out for July, and may be had of Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for September, full of pictures and nice reading matter, may be had at T. B. Peterson's, and also "Household Words," and "The Schoolfellow."

THE CROPS.

We are informed by a gentleman who has lately travelled through the West, that the crops were never in a finer condition. The whole country laughs with the harvest. Wheat, he says, is remarkably abundant and vigorous, and a finer promise of corn he never saw. He also speaks highly of the condition of the vineyards. The grapes hang in heavy clusters, swollen with their rich juices. So we shall have abundance of Catawba and other native wine, which, for persons who are wine-drinkers, will be better than adulterated grape juice sold under a fine false foreign seal, or else a vile broth that never saw anything nearer a grape than a damaged raisin, and owes its imitated color and flavor to poisonous drugs, and its lying brand and vintage to the craft of a rascally manufacturer. If there is to be any drinking of wine in this country, we hope it may be of the wine mentioned in Scripture that "maketh glad the heart of man," not of that which maketh *mad* the heart of man.

New Publications.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY (D. Appleton & Co., New York, for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia) is a library edition of a work which is of great value to the student. It is written by GEORGE HENRY LEWES, well known to the reading world by a remarkably original and able Memoir of Goethe, and, perhaps more widely known at present by being mentioned in Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronte, as one of that gifted woman's correspondents and friends. His present work is a biography of philosophy from its origin in Greece down to the present day—from Thales and Anaximenes through various epochs of progress and retrogression to the Positive Science of Auguste Comte. It is written with a thorough knowledge of the subject, drawn from original sources, and the story of the progress of the various philosophic ideas, and the summary given of the various philosophic systems, are presented in a methodical, compact, and agreeable manner, and with great clearness of diction. We know of no work so well worth the attention of the students of "divine Philosophy," which Shakspeare (or Is it Bacon?) tells us in the often quoted passage, is

"Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute."

With regard to many of the opinions and judgments advanced by Mr. Lewes, there will undoubtedly be differences and discussions, but the main value of his book is that it is a cool and clear summary of the kind and scope of the various ideas which have been held by great minds, in different ages, relative to the "reason" of things, and in this respect, it must receive unanimous praise and acceptation.

We ought to say that the work was published ten years ago, and was then addressed to a popular audience. It now appears in an enlarged and a modified form. On this point, the author says:—

"Ten years have not been without their influence on the historian; and, moreover, the success of the work has so greatly exceeded anything that could reasonably have been anticipated—not only in respect to its sale but in the directions of its influence—that on undertaking this library edition, I felt the necessity of modifying both the aim and scope of the work. A graver audience was to be addressed, a graver tone adopted. Without forgetting the general public, I had now to think also of what students would require. Many polemical passages, many extracts, and some digressions have been removed; and the space thus gained has prevented the new matter from swelling the work to an inconvenient size. Many references and other bibliographical details have been added, although the principle of abstinence from unnecessary citation has still been preserved."

And in another part of his preface, he says, speaking of the alterations made—

"Seven new names have been added to the list of philosophers—Abelard, Algazzali, Giordano Bruno, Hartley, Darwin, Cabanis and Gall. An introduction, setting forth the distinguishing characteristics of philosophy and science, replaces the original introduction. Under the heads of Socrates, the Sophists, Aristotle, Bacon, Spinoza, Hume, Condillac, Kant and Eclecticism, considerable additions and alterations will be found; and throughout, the revision has been such that scarcely a paragraph remains unaltered."

BURTON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is altogether unique in design, and is the nicest work of the kind we have seen. It is being published by subscription, in twenty-four semi-monthly parts, three of which are already issued. Six hundred engravings are to embellish the work. The numbers before us, are filled with handsome, graphic and spirited illustrations, including three portraits on steel of three famous humorists:—the first William E. Burton himself, with the gleam of his "Captain Cuttle" and "Toodles" lurking in his bluff, good-humored visage; the second a capital likeness of Fitz Greene Halleck, and the third an equally happy picture of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The humorous articles which constitute the letter press are a collection from the best writers of America, England, Ireland and Scotland and have the classic flavor. In these three numbers before us, we find specimens of the old colonial fun, the humors of the Knickerbocker epoch, and those that burst up in a glow of jollity from the days of Salmagundi to our own days. Here we have the old song of the May-pole of Merry Mount, Mather Byles' jests, the original Yankee Doodle, Barlow's Hasty Pudding, Irving's John Bull Paulding's merry tales, Greene's Old Grimes Finn's quips and cranks, Mellen's Job Pustick, Gaylord Clark's Ollopodiana, and all the various humor of Joseph Dennie, Judge Hall, Carline Gilman, Hawthorne, Pickering, Anna Bache, John Neal, Theodore Fay, and a goniad and hilarious throng of others "too numerous to mention." The design of the work is capital. Laughter is said to draw the nails out our coffins, and the innocent and wholesom gaiety of these pages will accomplish, we doubt not, that desirable result to an immense extent and without offending any taste, or bringing shame's brick scarlet to any forehead.

WISCONSIN AND ITS RESOURCES (C. Desily Philada.,) is a minute history and account that State, in every particular. It treats Lake Superior, its commerce and navigation gives the routes of the railroads and a list the post-offices, has maps of the State, and in every way useful.

AN AMATEUR PLUM-PUDDING.

CHAPTER I.

At about twelve o'clock one dark night in December—this is not a ghost story, my dear sir, or madam, as you might suppose from such an ominous commencement—three persons were assembled in solemn conclave on the right bank of the Indus, about half-way between its junction with the Chenaub and the sea. I will not insult the reader's geographical knowledge by specifying more particularly the locality of this meeting; and I shall put him quite at his ease on the score of chronology if I say, without naming the exact year of the occurrence, that the Marquis of Dalhousie reigned over India at the time, and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence was satrap at Bombay.

The trio I have mentioned were sitting in a small tent that was pitched within a few yards of the river, whose muddy waters, resembling pea soup, both in color and consistency, boiled and bubbled like that comfortable compound before its removal to the tureen. Opposite the tent, and close into the bank, was moored the gray and weather-beaten bark that carried them and their fortunes. It belonged to the flat-bottomed order of naval architecture—genus, budgerow—and had a pointed stem and stern like a cocked-hat. A little thatched house, that formed their temporary residence, was built in the centre, or, to speak nautically, "amidships;" and the whole structure was an exact resemblance, minus the animals, of those ingenious playthings called by the imaginative toy-manufacturers of Great Britain, Noah's arks, and blindly believed by Young England to be correct models, zoologically and otherwise, of the great floating menagerie that formed that patriarch's first essay in ship-building. The ark in question, however, from constant collisions, moving accidents by flood and sand-bank, occasional collapse, and hair-breadth escapes of every description incidental to navigation on the Indus, had lost some portion of its original symmetry, and assumed more the form and lineaments of a crushed bonnet. A large fleet of tumbled down edifices, built on equally antediluvian lines, and bearing a strong family likeness to the leaky old rattle-trap I have described, extended along the shore for more than a mile. Each boat, or, more properly speaking, each tub, contained on an average some ten or a dozen sleeping soldiers, who, having lost their health and strength in the service of the Company, were on their way home to be discharged and spend the remainder of their days in ease and comfort on sixpence a-day. The three individuals I have mentioned were subalterns, doing duty with this detachment of broken-down warriors, technically termed "invalids."

As I said before, the scene of their conference was a small tent; and from the solemn silence that prevailed, and the clouds of smoke that enveloped each person, an acute observer would have concluded that a matter of no small importance occupied their attention. A solitary candle, stuck in a bottle, struggled feebly to illuminate the dense and fragrant atmosphere that filled their canvas apartment; but without its assistance, the deep red glow of three cheroots, brightening at intervals like revolving beacons, sufficiently indicated the respective whereabouts of their silent proprietors.

One of them, a lean and sallow individual in a drab great-coat and wide-awake hat, lolled comfortably back in a rickety arm-chair, with his long legs planted firmly against the pole of the tent, according to the American idea of sedentary comfort, and gazed sternly at his boots that loomed through the smoke, high up above his head, like a couple of crows in a fog. Another, who was plump and rosy, and wore a forage-cap, and a red padded garment called a Meerzy," rested his arms lazily on the table, and, with closed eyes, nodded gravely at the bottle that formed their impromptu candlestick; but whether this motion was the result of sleep or sagacity, or a union of both, the chronicler of this history is not in a position to determine. The third, an exceedingly good-looking, well-proportioned person, dressed in a London-made shooting-jacket, and Cashmere smoking-cap, reclined gracefully on a couple of chairs, and assisted the approach of his thick-coming fancies by occasionally raising to his lips, in moments of abstraction, the tumbler of amber-colored liquid that reposed on the table beside him. With a view of satisfying the pardonable curiosity of the reader, I may as well say that the prepossessing individual I have just described was no other than the present writer.

In the absence of a mess, and following the example of Boz's immortal hero, we had formed ourselves into a club, of which, in consideration of my age and spectacles, and an almost imperceptible deficiency of thatch said to exist on the top of my head, I had been elected president, and sur-named Pickwick. The lanky gentleman whom I have represented taking his ease in the form of the letter V, and drawing inspiration from his boots, had received the *sobriquet* of Winkle; while the "stout party" engaged in holding an imaginary conversation with the candle, and nodding the while like a Chinese automaton, made a capital prototype of the corpulent Tupman. Mr. Snodgrass was not represented in our little coterie. His counterpart had originally joined us, but being somewhat of a melancholy temperament, and finding that an atmosphere consisting entirely of smoke did not altogether agree with him, he had the bad taste to prefer pure air and solitude to tobacco and conversation, and seceded from our society. Of the convivial qualities of the remaining members, I need only say that the mahogany-colored one, whose real name was Cockle, was afflicted with a liver-complaint, which gave him a right that no one disputed, of being occasionally snappish and disagreeable. Lambert, the plump one, was like the generality of plump people, good-humored and apoplectic; while I, it is almost needless to say, was mild and gentlemanly. *My* name is Velvet.

I have already observed that we were all three buried in the densest smoke and the most profound reflection. The subject under consideration was one that has occupied at various times, and at one time in particular, the undivided attention of the most distinguished characters in English history. The time I allude to is dinner-time, and the subject of our meditation was plum-pudding. Our heads were full of it. We had formed ourselves into a committee of ways and means, with a view of ascertaining the possibility of organising a Christmas dinner in the most desolate part of Scinde. The difficulties that lay in our road were enough to awe the strongest minds. We had expected to arrive at Hyderabad before Christmas day, but had been delayed by a strong head-wind, against which our light and keelless vessels could make no way, and consequently found ourselves, within a few days of that festive anniversary, totally unprovided with the numerous groceries necessary for its suitable commemoration. We were a hundred miles from any town; and, with the exception of a few poverty-stricken villages, the country through which we were passing was totally uninhabited, except by buffalo, tigers, and other uncivilised animals. As the Laureate would say, "there was jungle to the right of us, jungle to the left of us, jungle behind us," the river in front, and a desert all round. Boats containing flour, cattle, rum, and such-like raw material, accompanied the detachment; but how we were to procure the hundred-and-one delicious little condiments that constitute that perfect *tout ensemble*, a plum-pudding, was the gigantic difficulty that was sorely perplexing three anxious British subalterns at about twelve o'clock on the dark night in December, with which my tale opens.

"You know," said I, in my position as chairman of the committee—"you know—"

"Hear, hear!" cried Cockle, encouragingly.

"A Christmas day without plum-pudding," I continued, "is perfectly preposterous."

"It's worse," exclaimed Cockle, striking the table an emphatic blow, that made the candle jump clean out of the bottle, and hit Lambert on the nose. "It's heathenish, absolutely heathenish. Isn't it, Daniel?"

"What's heathenish?" asked Lambert, waking up, and trying to look as if he had never been to sleep—"what's heathenish?"

"No plum-pudding on Christmas day," returned his long friend.

"Wicked!" said Lambert, replacing the candle, and rubbing his nose; "downright wicked."

"It's as bad," I exclaimed, lighting another cheroot, "as a hot season without ice."

"Or an overland mail without a letter," added Cockle, who was one of those *raræ aves*, good correspondents.

"Or no rupees on a pay-day," chimed in our corpulent member, who had often experienced the uncomfortable sensation of being on the wrong side of the paymaster's books on that eventful day.

After which burst of feeling we relapsed into silence, and smoked like so many chimneys for the space of ten minutes.

"How are we off for beef?" suddenly exclaimed Lambert, who looked as if he had been fed exclusively upon that commodity from his youth up, and had thrived upon it.

"Ay," said Cockle, looking anxiously at me. "Is the butcher propitious? Let the chairman report progress."

"The beef's all right," I answered complacently. "I was orderly officer this morning, and intercepted a lovely bit of the sirloin on its way to the commanding-officer's boat. I told the butcher I thought the colonel rather preferred the ribs."

"Making away with the commanding-officer's beef," said Cockle gravely, "is a breach of the articles of war."

"The articles of war be hanged!" valiantly exclaimed Lambert.

"We must only make the *amende honorable*," I said, "by asking the colonel to dinner."

"Oh, I hope it's a prime piece," said Lambert, rubbing his hands in high glee. "Let's send for it, and see if there's a nice under-cut."

"I second the proposition of the stout gentleman opposite," said Cockle, "and move that the joint be laid upon the table."

"No, no," I cried authoritatively, "that would never do; it would soon be smoked beef if it was brought here. It is as good as we can get in this famishing country; and it's safe under lock and key."

"Then," said Cockle solemnly, dropping his legs and drawing his chair up to the table, "let us concentrate our energies solely on the pudding. In the first place, what's it made of?"

"Plums, of course," exclaimed Lambert, promptly.

"Yes, you know that, Daniel," said I, laughing; "but what else?"

"I haven't an idea," replied the other.

"We know that, too," said Cockle, who made rather a butt of his fat friend; "you never had."

"But I've got a cookery-book," continued Daniel, not heeding the insinuation. "My mother gave it me as a parting present when I was leaving England."

"Your mother's a sensible woman," said Cockle. "Produce the volume."

"'Modern Cookery, in all its branches,'" I read, when Lambert had fetched the well-thumbed copy from the boat. "'Dedicated to the Young Housekeepers of England.'"

"And India," added Cockle, parenthetically.

"Now, then," said Lambert, throwing away his cheroot in the intensity of his interest.

"Hush, Daniel!" cried Cockle, putting his tumbler on one side, and assuming an attitude of the closest attention.

"Here we are," I said, turning over the pages—"'the Ingoldsby Christmas Pudding.'"

"If his pudding is only as good as his poetry," said Cockle, "we can't have a better."

"Who was he?" asked Lambert, innocently.

"A cook, of course," replied Cockle, gravely. "Go on, Pickwick. Read out the items, and let's see what we've got. Make yourself useful, Daniel, and take them down on a piece of paper."

"'Mix very thoroughly one pound of finely-grated bread with the same quantity of flour,'" I read.

"That's easily done," said Cockle, cheerfully. "Put it down, Daniel."

"'Two pounds of raisins.'"

"Have we any raisins?" asked the long subaltern.

"I'm afraid not," I said, shaking my head. "I've tried the whole fleet, and could only get a few figs."

"Oh, they're better than nothing," replied he hopefully. "Put the figs down, Daniel; we're getting on famously."

"'Two of currants.'"

"I'm afraid that's a poser," said Cockle, looking ruefully at me.

"I don't believe," I replied, "there's a single currant in the whole Scinde."

"There are plenty in the Indus," said Lambert, with a fat chuckle, alluding to the undercurrents for which that river is famous.

"If you do that again, Daniel," said Cockle, sternly, "I'll send for a file of the guard, and have you marched off a prisoner. Go on, Pickwick," he added in disgust; "we must only leave out the currants."

"'Two of suet, minced small.' We shall have to mince it uncommonly small, I expect," said I. "These wretched little country bullocks haven't got such an article about them."

"Very well; we must do without suet," said Cockle, with an air of resignation. "Go on."

"'One of sugar.'"

"That we have, at all events," he exclaimed, joyfully.

"No we haven't," I replied; "we finished the last this morning. Lambert empties a sugar-basin every day. I dare say he has got half-a-dozen lumps in his pocket now."

"We'll search him," cried Cockle, starting up, and collaring the delinquent on the spot.

"I haven't, upon my honor," screamed the culprit, struggling with his tormentor. "I haven't touched any for the last three days."

"Daniel," said Cockle, reproachfully, as he extracted a large lump of sugar candy from the stout gentleman's pocket, "what's this?"

"My servant bought it at Ferozepore," cried Lambert, appealingly.

"Has he got any more?" the inquisitor sternly demanded.

"Yes, lots," answered his victim, eagerly.

"Then," said Cockle, releasing his hold, "put it down as one of the items of our pudding. The sugar's all right, Pickwick. What's the next article?"

"'Half-a-pound of candied peel,'" I answered.

"The plot thickens," said Cockle. "Candied peel I look upon as an impossibility. I don't suppose there's any nearer than Gunter's."

"Or, at all events, Bombay," I added.

"Wouldn't a pot of marmalade do as well?" cautiously suggested Lambert. "The label says it's an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast."

"And if for butter," joyfully exclaimed Cockle, slapping the corpulent individual on the back, and nearly knocking him off his chair, "why not for candied peel? Of course. Daniel, you're an honor to human nature. A *second* Daniel. Score it down. Oh, what a pudding we'll have!" exclaimed our lanky friend, quite elated. "Fire away, Pickwick!"

"'Half-an-ounce of mixed spice.'"

"We've got some cloves, I know," said Cockle.

"And some curry-powder," added Lambert.

"Put it down, Daniel," cried the former gentleman. "Why, we've got everything."

"Not quite," I answered. "Now comes the tug of war. 'Mix the whole with sixteen eggs, well beaten, and strained.'"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cockle, hysterically.—"The Scinde fowls don't lay 'em. Are there many more things wanted?" he asked, in despair.

"*Only four glasses of brandy*," I replied.

"I wish it had been four eggs and sixteen glasses of brandy," said Lambert.

"Is that all?" asked Cockle.

"'Boil six hours,'" I returned; "and even that we can't do, as we don't halt till four, and mustn't cook on board the boat."

"We must only boil by instalment," said Cockle. "Two hours a-day for three days will just do it."

"Nonsense," said I; "boiling's a secondary consideration. First *make* your pudding—Read out your list, Lambert, and see what we have to work upon."

"'Bread,'" said Daniel, reading, while Cockle checked each item on his fingers, "'flour, figs, sugar candy, marmalade, cloves, curry-powder, brandy.'"

"All very good things in their way," I said; "but I'm afraid they won't make a pudding."

"Then what are we to do?" moaned Lambert, who seemed half inclined to cry.

"Do?" replied Cockle, shrugging his shoulders, "we must only do without one, I suppose."

"I vote we go to bed," said I, rising and leaving the chair.

"Well, as Daniel has finished the bottle and emptied the cheroot-box," said Cockle mournfully, "I think it's the best thing we can do."

This motion was carried unanimously, and to bed we went.

CHAPTER II.

A Briton's attachment to the plum-pudding of his ancestors is, I think, one of the most pleasing traits in his character. He looks upon it as one of the bulwarks of the constitution, and would as soon think of doing away with it as with the House of Commons, or trial by jury. On Christmas day especially, it is an article of his national faith to have it smoking on his table. Wherever he may be on the 25th of December,—and Englishmen, like sparrows, are found in all parts of the globe,—whether he be travelling for pleasure or for profit; exploring the interior of Africa, or toiling across the steppes of Russia; a digger in the gold fields of New South Wales, or a squatter in the backwoods of America; becalmed on the line, laying-to in a gale, scudding before a hurricane, or frozen up in the Arctic regions,—the true Briton will suffer any privation, and brave any danger, to procure on that day the time-honored pudding of old England, and drink a loving cup in the best liquor at his command to the health of the friends he has left behind him.

Animated by patriotic sentiments of a similar description, and nothing daunted by the unfavorable report of our committee, the 23d of December found us busily engaged in the manufacture of our pudding. We had discovered, on a further consultation of Lambert's *vade mecum*, that half the quantity of each ingredient would be sufficient for a small party, and had amassed a considerable amount of *material* for our praiseworthy purpose. During one of our numerous foraging excursions into the interior, we had made a seizure, in a small village, of some half-dried Cabool raisins, which, when extricated from the thick coating of bazaar-dirt that enveloped them, looked tolerably plump and juicy. Currants we had conveniently voted a ridiculous superfluity, and the butcher had accumulated for us a large heap of skin, from which we had succeeded in scraping a pretty good imitation of suet. These, with bread, sugar-candy, cloves, marmalade, and cognac, formed a very good foundation to work upon; but, alas, one element in the composition was wanting, without which all the rest would be flat, stale and unprofitable. What is a ship without a rudder? What is a pudding without eggs? Here lay our great difficulty. We had scoured the country in every direction; but not an egg was to be obtained for love or money. Either the Scindian peasantry despised wealth, or the Scindian fowls had retired from business. As a last resource, we determined on a grand military demonstration. The detachment being without arms, we were accompanied by a party of sepoys, who acted as our guard. Directly we halted, two of these black warriors were despatched to a distant village, with instructions to beg, borrow or steal every egg they could lay their hands on. They were fully armed and equipped, with a view of striking terror into the hearts of the natives, and were ordered to secure their booty, if necessary, at the point of the bayonet. In case of failure, they were threatened with a court-martial for disobedience of orders.

Having thus done all that human sagacity and foresight could, we tucked up our sleeves, and manfully set to work. We determined that our servants should have nothing to do with so noble an undertaking. It was not to be expected that an uneducated Mussulman could enter into the beauties of such a magnificent composition! so we "concluded," as the Yankees say, both to make it and eat it ourselves. I chopped the suet, Cockle crumbled the bread, and Lambert undertook to prepare the raisins. From this office, however, he was soon ignominiously expelled. We noticed that the heap of stoned and unstoned ones did not by any means increase and decrease in equal proportions. The paradox was soon explained. Our stout friend was detected stealthily cramming a large bunch into his mouth. As a punishment for his offence, he was immediately sentenced to sit in a corner and pound spice. In vain he entreated to be allowed to mince the marmalade, or reduce the sugar-candy to powder. We were inflexible; and the sweet toothed malefactor was set to work to pulverise cloves, with a pestle and mortar borrowed from the hospital-boat, and sternly forbidden to approach the table under any pretence whatever.

In about two hours every thing was ready. The marmalade formed capital candied peel, a double allowance of raisins made up for the absence of currants, and we flattered ourselves that the mixture looked, smelt and tasted exactly as a plum-pudding in an abnormal state should. But still it was only as the block of marble before the sculptor's chisel has given it form and beauty. It wanted the vivifying principle, without which the unleavened mass before us would be a

"Monstrum horrendum informe ingens, cui lumen ademptum;"

which, being interpreted, means "a great, ugly, horrid *thing* as heavy as lead."* On what *trifles* does human happiness depend—we only required eight eggs to lighten both our hearts and our pudding!

I will not pain the reader by dwelling on the agony of suspense we endured for four mortal hours. The torture was becoming insupportable, and we were on the point of going to bed in despair, when a breathless post arrived with the joyful intelligence that our hunters were on the track of a poultry-fancier. Presently a frantic jemadar rushed in to say that they were approaching, and could be seen in the moonlight gesticulating furiously, from which he imagined—Allah be praised!—that they had been successful. Next it was announced that one of them carried a light-colored object at the end of his musket; and then the dusky heroes themselves made their appearance, grinning with delight, and bearing a basket, in which reposed—Oh, joy beyond expression!—twelve fine eggs.

The sepoys declared that they had given prices that were purely fabulous, but we paid without a murmur. Lambert, in a transport of gratitude, presented each of them with a rupee, as "bucksheesh," and the delighted darkies retired to their boat invoking blessings on his lordship's head for his liberality. With a large washing basin before us, we joyfully proceeded to put the finishing stroke to our work. Each member seized an egg. The impetuous Lambert led the attack. Carefully cracking the shell, he poured the contents into the basin.

"Oh, by Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed, beating a rapid retreat from the table.

"What's the matter?" we both cried, alarmed at his horror-stricken countenance.

"Matter?" he screamed, pointing to the basin with one hand, and holding his nose with the other—"it's a BAD one!"

I draw a veil over the scene that ensued. It is not in the power of words to picture our disgust and indignation. Our feelings may be imagined, but *not* described. My pen falters as I proceed. One by one the whole dozen were tried, and—horrible, most horrible!—with the same result. All, all had gone the ways eggs occasionally go. We stared at each other in blank dismay. Lambert burst into tears.

"Those rascally sepoys," growled Cockle, grinding his teeth; "I wish we could flog them."

"Oh, it wasn't their fault," I said. "Their caste won't allow them to touch eggs; so they were obliged to take the villager's word."

"Then," replied Cockle, viciously, "I should like to set fire to the village."

"What's to be done now?" asked Lambert, through his tears.

"I vote we pitch it into the river," cried Cockle, in disgust, taking up the dish to suit the action to the word.

"No, no," said Lambert, "wait a bit; I've read somewhere or other of a substitute for eggs."

"Marmalade, perhaps," sneered Cockle.

"No," replied the other, searching through the cookery-book—"Snow."

"Well, you great owl," returned the bilious gentleman, whose temper was a good deal ruffled by our misfortune, "where are we to find snow in Scinde?"

* "Cui lumen ademptum," from which the light has been taken away, i. e. wanting lightness.

"Ah, I forgot that," said Lambert. "If we had been in the Himalayas now—Stop—here's something else; 'where eggs cannot be procured, beer may be used.'"

"Does it say that?" asked Cockle, quickly.

Lambert nodded.

"Here, Nubby Bux," shouted Cockle to his servant, "a bottle of beer and a corkscrew—sharp!"

The beer was brought, the cork was drawn, the preliminary gurgle had commenced; in another moment our unfortunate pudding would have been drenched with a flood of Allsop's bitter ale, when a stout non-commissioned officer, carrying a parcel tied up in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, made his appearance at the door of the tent.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, saluting.

"Now, what on earth do you want here at this time of night, Sergeant Rumble?" snarled Cockle, angry at having been discovered in the middle of such an undignified operation as deluging a pudding with malt liquor.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," answered the sergeant, gazing with astonishment at our culinary display, "but my missis—that is, Mrs. Rumble, gentlemen—hearing that you wanted some eggs, sent me to beg your acceptance of half-a-dozen."

"Six eggs!" exclaimed Cockle, incredulously.

"You don't mean to say, Sergeant Rumble," I asked, in the kind of tone that a barrister reminds a witness that he is on oath—"you don't mean to say that you possess six eggs?"

"Yes, sir, I do," he answered, without the slightest prevarication.

"Ah, but not fresh?" said Cockle, whose faith on the subject of eggs had been a good deal shaken.

"New-laid, sir," replied Rumble, untying his pocket-handkerchief, and disclosing a forage-cap that formed a kind of nest for six snowy eggs. "There they are, gentlemen, and if they will be of any service to you—"

"Service!" cried Cockle, tragically; "they'll save our pudding."

"You're a regular trump, Sergeant Rumble," said Lambert, heedless of military propriety.

"It's very good of you to say so," returned the gratified sergeant.

"But," I asked, "where did you find such a treasure, Rumble? We've been scouring the country for eggs."

"Why, sir, my wife brought some pet fowls all the way from Peshawur; and lately they've taken to laying. I don't believe there's another egg in the whole fleet."

"Your wife's an angel," cried the enthusiastic Lambert.

"Well, I don't know about that, sir," said the sergeant, doubtfully, not liking to differ in opinion with an officer. "You see, Mrs. Rumble's figure is not what it was."

"But," said I, "you'll want these eggs for your own pudding."

"Not a bit, sir," answered the sergeant. "You'll oblige my wife by accepting them.—She'd be angry with me, gentlemen," he added, rather nervously, "if I were to take them back."

"Well, then," I said, "I tell you what we'll do; we'll send you a slice of ours."

"And a bottle of wine," added Lambert.

"And a bundle of cheroots," said Cockle, graciously. "I know you like a good cheroot, Rumble."

"I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said the sergeant, quite overpowered, and backing out of the tent; "and so will Mrs. Rumble be, I'm sure."

"Bless her!" ejaculated Lambert.

"And," added Cockle, recorking the bottle of beer, "as we've no occasion for this now, you'd better take it with you."

And the worthy non-commissioned officer departed, carrying with him our substitute for eggs; while we relieved our pent-up feelings by giving three loud hurrahs for no one in particular, with one cheer more for Mrs. Rumble.

Here my narrative should end. All the *dramatis personæ* are pleased and happy; and the curtain should fall on the above affecting *tableau*, with Cockle on the right, myself on the left, and Lambert executing a clumsy *pas de jois* in the centre; but as there is one character in whose fate the fair reader may still feel some interest, I shall briefly complete the veracious history of the real hero of my tale, viz.: our pudding. After Sergeant Rumble's departure, it was soon finished. Although too eggs short of the number enjoined by Mr. Ingoldsby, we managed, by reducing the other proportions a little, to preserve that "balance of power" on which the excellence of a pudding, as well as the peace of Europe, so essentially depends. After cautiously securing our treasure in the camel-trunk that formed our temporary larder, we went to bed; and though our bilious friend was busily engaged in inflicting imaginary vengeance on the dishonest villagers for their shameful conduct in the matter of the eggs, there were not three happier subalterns in the company's dominions that night than the president and members of our little club on the Indus.

The next day, after dinner, our culinary *chef-d'œuvre*, tied up in a new towel of Lambert's, properly floured, was deposited with much ceremony in our only saucepan, and "advanced a stage" on the road to perfection, while we sat round the fire, on the bank of the river, enjoying our cheroots, and watching the operation. This was on Christmas Eve. At the expiration of three hours, and when our bantling had arrived at a semi-boiled condition, it was taken out, and locked up again as carefully as a Derby favorite the night before the great Epsom field-day. On the morrow, directly we halted, the object of our solicitude was taken for the last time from its nocturnal resting-place, and subjected to a like mollifying process for the remainder of the time prescribed by the cookery book.

My story draws to a close. The colonel dined with us, and pronounced the sirloin excellent. As for the pudding—the pudding that had caused us so much anxiety, the pudding of our hopes and fears, the pudding we had created, the pudding—I could linger on the subject for ever, but printers have no sentiment, and I must conclude,—the pudding was *delicious!* What more need be said? Except that we sent a large slice to Mrs. Rumble, and that poor Lambert was exceedingly unwell the next day.

J. H. L.

A REAL WOODEN NUTMEG.

The *New Era* gives the following famous sample of a genuine "Yankee trick:"

"Editorial ingenuity is highly commendable. A current example of it, in New York, is too remarkable to be passed by. In that metropolitan city of many murders and uncleaned streets, there is a daily penny paper, of large circulation, called The Sun. Latterly it has devoted a couple of columns on its back page, to a 'To be continued' story. Just now it is advertising a tale (as original) which is really good enough to warrant the Sun's own assertion, that it 'is doing more good to the citizens and residents of New York and the surrounding country (by enabling them in the perusal of the story to have a good laugh daily) than all the doctor's stuff which has been swallowed for months.' All this is true enough. The story is 'Andrew Rooney; or, The Useful Man's Blunders,' and narrates the mistakes springing from the ignorance and stupidity of its hero, an untaught Irishman. It is added that this tale is written 'By Sam U. Ellover,' a name quite new in the literary world. That portly volume, 'The Men of the Time,' which chronicles the leading antecedents of eminent men, carelessly omits any mention of Mr. Sam U. Ellover. No such name occurs in that useful volume.

"On reading a few sentences of 'Andrew Rooney,' however, a suspicion was engendered that we had somewhere seen it before. Sure enough, we *had*. Mr. Sam U. Ellover resolves himself into Samuel Lover, the well-known Irish author, and 'Andrew Rooney' is nothing but his well-known 'Handy Andy,' which appeared in Bentley's Miscellany exactly twenty years ago. This changing Samuel Lover into Sam U. Ellover (neither omitting or transposing a single letter of the real name,) should be noted for worthy companionship with the celebrated wooden nutmegs and pinewood hams, which are said sometimes to figure as articles of American produce!"

COLONEL FREMONT'S TITLES IN CALIFORNIA.—By late arrivals from California we learn that "in the District Court of Mariposa County, the injunction suit of the Merced Mining Company versus Colonel Fremont, was decided for the defendant upon a general demurrer to the complaint. The injunction had previously been dissolved by the District Judge. The late decision of the Supreme Court (affirming the order granting the injunction) distinctly decides that the owner of the soil has the right to enjoin miners from taking gold or silver from the land. An ejectment by Biddle Boggs, lessee of Colonel Fremont, against the Merced Mining Company, for the celebrated mount of his Reduction Works, was also tried at the late term of the District Court, and although the defendants interposed an answer, in the nature of a bill in equity, insisting upon all their pretensions, and urging every conceivable objection to the Fremont title, after a protracted trial, a decree was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for the possession of the land, with all the works and improvements, and damages for the detention."

SORROW FOLLOWING JOY.—A letter from Warsaw, in the Gazette de Silesia, makes mention of the following melancholy instance of sudden death from excess of joy:—M. de Bouzenki, formerly a colonel of the Polish army, who had been exiled in consequence of political events, had recently arrived in Poland, (pardoned by the late amnesty) where he rejoined his family after twenty-six years of separation. He once more met his wife, whose state of health prevented her from sharing his exile; his daughter, whom he had left a child, but who was now married to one of the most eminent physicians of the city, and was perfectly happy. A delightful future seemed to await the colonel, who was a man still apparently healthy and vigorous. He arrived at 11 o'clock on the 18th ultimo, and had passed several hours of the utmost joyousness with his family. In the morning, however, he was found dead in his bed.

☞ When doing what is right, the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit, the mind labors, and every day becomes worse.—*Luther.*

☞ A public fault ought not to suffer a secret punishment.

☞ It is folly to attempt any wicked beginning in hope of a good ending.

☞ "Common sense," says Dr. Emmons, "is the most uncommon kind of sense."

☞ As dreams are the fancies of those that sleep—so fancies are but the dreams of men awake.

☞ If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our hostility.

☞ Women are to be measured, not by their beauties, but by their virtues.

☞ As to the vulgar practice of calling Germans Dutchmen, there is nothing more in it than mere slang, like calling the Irish Greeks, as the manner of some is.

☞ Like as a chamelion hath all colors save white—so hath a flatterer all points save honesty.

☞ A country dentist advertises that "*he spares no pains*" to render his operation satisfactory.

☞ A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not co in te tam pote?" was the Dutchman's placid answer.

☞ If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere.

☞ Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that feareth no fortune, and a port that yields no danger.—*Cicero.*

☞ It falleth out with love as it doth with vines; for the young vines bring the most wines, but the old *is* best.

☞ History is the essence of innumerable biographies.

THE HOUR concealed, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

☞ Louis XIV. asked Count Mahony if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," answered the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

THE PROCESSION OF THE BERNESE BEARS.

[See Engraving.]

The tame bears in the canton of Berne, Switzerland, are a great institution, and are cherished by the inhabitants with the greatest jollity and affection. When the tourist arrives in Berne, and inquires what there is to be seen there, the answer he invariably receives is "The Bear-pit." This place has been kept up ever since the foundation of the town, at the expense of the State, its object being to preserve a race of bears which once abounded in this part, but have now become nearly extinct. In consequence of the ground being required for the railroad, the bears have been removed from their old quarters into new ones. This change has been the cause of a great quarrel between the inhabitants of the Upper and Lower Towns. The old bear-pit being situated in the former, its inhabitants insisted upon retaining it; but those of the Lower Town would not allow it. "We are," said they, "as much Bernese as you are, and have an equal right to the bears. You have your cathedral, public buildings, and are shortly to have the railway-station; all these we leave you without a murmur, but we will have the bears."

The place selected for the new pits is on the side of the river Aar, where the main Oberland road passes, and which at this spot is adorned with magnificent chestnut and lime trees. The pit, which took two years to complete, is twenty feet in depth, and of an oval shape, whose longest diameter measures sixty feet. The floor is paved with large flag-stones, and the wall surrounding it is built with large blocks of sandstone. The pit is divided into two parts by a wall of squared blocks of stone; on either side of this partition is a spring, with immense basons where the bears may enjoy the luxury of a bath; and in each division there is a large fir-tree, where they can practise gymnastics. On one side of the outer wall is a lodge, of Gothic architecture, with two small turreted towers. The lower part of this building is appropriated to the refectory and sleeping apartments of the Messrs. Bruin; and the upper part is the residence of the bear wardens. The pit, bounded on one side by the blue river, and on the other by the beautiful green foliage of the limes, makes a very pleasing and romantic impression on the spectator.

On the 27th of May, the ceremony of removing the bears from their old quarters to the new took place. For hours previously to the time appointed (two o'clock), the streets were filled with people—some wending their way upwards towards the old pit, others downwards to the new one. All the windows of the houses which the procession was to pass by, were filled with bright, inquisitive faces; and by the time the cock on the celebrated old clock-tower had crowed the hour of two, one might literally have walked on the people's heads. Every one seemed gay and happy, all care and anxiety for the welfare of their four-footed friends being now at rest.

When the clocks of all the towers had struck two, the procession appeared. First marched the body of cadets, with their drummers; next, a stately bear, walking with great dignity alone and unattended, and apparently striving by his bearing to do honor to the occasion. With his fore paws he distributed, in the most polite manner, bonbons and crackers, at the same time accompanying his favors with gracious nods. Behind this four-footed gentleman came the town band, in their picturesque costume of the 16th century, playing national airs. And, lastly, the principal attraction, viz., a carriage containing the heroes of the feast, drawn by six beautiful milk-white horses, with postillions in the costume of the middle ages, decked with the colors of the town. On a raised seat in front, between the French tricolor and the Russian eagle, sat a bear, holding with great gravity a spear in one fore paw, and in the other a rod, from which was suspended all kinds of delicacies, illustrating that the Bernese bears, as well as the Bernese youth, are brought up with firmness as well as love. Behind this pedagogue, two large cages, covered with gay streamers, wreaths, &c., were placed, one on each side of the car; in these sat the other bears. The serious looks with which the otherwise frolicsome boys regarded these occupants, showed that, had they attempted to play off any tricks on them, the numerous spectators would speedily have brought them to their sober senses. The new quarters, which were gaily decorated with wreaths and banners, were soon crowded with spectators, and those who could not find room elsewhere perched themselves on the branches of the lime and chestnut trees. A band of music was stationed in the apartments of the bear-warders, who received the newcomers with the strains of the old Bernese March, whilst salvoes of musketry were fired from the heights. A member of the Town Council then, in a witty speech, delivered up the bears into the charge of the warders, or—as they call them in Berne—the *bear fathers*. As soon as the bears met, after their temporary separation, they began to examine their new dwelling with every expression of intense curiosity, and, as it appeared from their gestures, with evident satisfaction; suddenly, one of the young ones cast up his eyes and perceived some sweetmeats and apples suspended from the upper branches of one of the fir-trees. Without imparting the least hint of his discovery to his companions, he sauntered leisurely towards the tree, but as soon as he reached it he scrambled up the branches with the agility of a monkey. His motions having, by this time, attracted the notice of the others, they quickly followed his example, and in a moment the whole herd was seen scrambling among the branches, in the pursuit of the feast, which, having reached, they quickly devoured, amidst the shouts of laughter of the assembled multitude. Salvoes of musketry again pealed forth, and the company dispersed, leaving the bears in the quiet enjoyment of their new home.

THE PROCESSION OF THE BERNESE BEARS.

The Election of the Pulpit.—Once upon a time an elderly Scotchwoman gave her grandson the newspaper to read, telling him to read it aloud. The only reading aloud the boy had been much in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk, and he began to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good lady was shocked at the boy's profanity, and giving him a box on the ear, exclaimed, "What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible twang?"

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

We have received from a gentleman at Berlin the following important statement of the mode of cure practiced in the Ukraine for the bite of a mad dog. It is translated from the Berlin State Gazette (No. 20) of the 14th February, 1822, and does certainly seem entitled to the fullest consideration of all medical men. That the knowledge of this remedy may be extensively known, and further put to the test by experience, we hope it will be copied into every journal throughout the country.

"When Mr. Marochetti, an operator in the hospital at Moscow, was in the Ukraine in 1813, in one day *fifteen* persons applied to him for cure, having been bitten by a mad dog. Whilst he was preparing the remedies, a deputation of several old men made its appearance, to request him to allow a peasant to treat them, a man who for some years enjoyed a great reputation for his cures of hydrophobia, and of whose success Mr. Marochetti had already heard so much. He consented to their request under these conditions:—(1.) That he, Mr. Marochetti, should be present at everything done by the peasant. (2.) In order that he might be fully convinced that the dog was really mad, he, Mr. M., should select one of the patients, who should only be treated according to the medical course usually held in estimation. A girl of six years old was chosen for this purpose. The peasant gave to his fourteen patients a strong decoction of the 'Summit' and Fl. Genista Lutea tincture (about a pound and a half daily), and examined twice a day under the tongue, where, as he stated, *small knots*, containing the poison of the madness, must form themselves. As soon as these small knots actually appeared, and which Mr. Marochetti himself saw, they were opened and cauterised with a red-hot needle; after which the patient gargled with the decoction of the Genista. The result of this treatment was that all the fourteen (of whom only two, the last bitten did not show these knots) were dismissed perfectly cured at the end of six weeks, during which time they drank this decoction. But the little girl, who had been treated according to the usual methods, was seized with hydrophobic symptoms on the seventh day, and was dead in eight hours after they first took place. The persons dismissed as cured were seen three years afterwards by Mr. Marochetti, and they were all sound and well. Five years after this circumstance (in 1818) Mr. Marochetti had a new opportunity, in Podolia, of *confirming* this important discovery. The treatment of twenty-six persons who had been bitten by a mad dog was confided to him—nine were men, eleven women, and six children. He gave them at once a decoction of the Genista; and a diligent examination of their tongues gave the following result:—Five men, all the women, and three children had the small knots already mentioned—those bitten most on the third day; others on the fifth, seventh, and ninth; and one woman who had been bitten only very superficially, on the twenty-first day. The other seven who showed no small knots, drank the decoction Genista six weeks, and all the patients were cured.

"In consequence of these observations, Mr. Marochetti believes that the hydrophobic poison, after remaining a short time in the wound, fixed itself for a certain time under the tongue, at the opening of the ducts of the submaxillary glands, which are at each side of the tongue-string, and there forms those smaller knots, in which one may feel with a probe a fluctuating fluid, which is the hydrophobic poison. The usual time of their appearance seems to be between the third and ninth day after the bite; and if they are *not* opened after the first twenty-four hours after their formation, the poison is re-absorbed by the body, or into the body, and the *patient is lost beyond the power of cure*. For this reason Mr. Marochetti recommends that such patients should be immediately examined under the tongue, which should be continued for six weeks, during which time they should take daily 1½ lb. of the decoct. genist. (or four times a day the powder, 1 drachm pro. dost.) If the knots do not appear in this time, no madness is to be apprehended; but, as soon as they show themselves, they should be opened with a lancet, and then cauterised, and the patient should gargle assiduously with the above-mentioned decoction."

"We hasten," says the Berlin Gazette, "to communicate to our readers this important discovery (which we borrow from the 'Petersburg Miscellaneous Treatises in the Realm of Medical Science for 1821,') which certainly deserves the full attention of all medical practitioners, and which, if confirmed by experience, may have the most beneficial results."

AN AMATEUR GLUTTON.

A curious gastronomic wager was once decided at a French tavern, in the 16th century. Prince Henry of Bourbon, the son of the Great Conde, was supping there with a number of his friends. Prince de Conti, who was a tremendous bore, kept hammering away at one eternal theme, the extraordinary appetite of his beagles. "My kennels absolutely ruin me," said he; "I can't tell what possesses the dogs, but they eat at least a thousand crowns worth every month!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Prince Henry; "I'll bet you any thing you please, not one of them can eat at a meal so much as my servant, La Guiche."

"When we are again at Versailles," returned Conti, "I will back a certain beagle of mine against him."

"Very good; but in the meantime I should like you to see what the fellow can do. Look here; it will soon be midnight. I will wager a thousand louis that La Guiche eats up the whole of that piece of meat while the clock is striking twelve." Prince Henry pointed, as he spoke, to an enormous shoulder of mutton that had not been touched.

"He can't get through half of it," exclaimed Conti: "it's a bet."

"Done!" replied Conti, and La Guiche was sent for.

He was a little wiry fellow; and, when he was told of the wager, the grin he gave developed a set of teeth that a wolf might have been proud of. It wanted ten minutes to the hour, and in the interim La Guiche made his preparations. He seated himself before the shoulder of mutton, cut every particle of meat off the bone, arranged it in twelve portions, and remained, fork in hand, in an attitude of expectation. At the first stroke he swallowed two of the immense morsels; at the sixth he was one ahead, and took advantage of the fact to swallow a goblet of vin de Baune which his master handed to him. The ninth stroke sounded, and the glutton exhibited symptoms of being beaten. The Prince de Conti shouted with exultation at the prospect of winning, for ten strokes had gone and two pieces remained.

"A hundred louis for yourself," cried Conde, "and the stewardship of my hotel in the Marais, if you gain the wager. Make another effort."

La Guiche made a superb rally; he drove his fork into the remaining pieces, and took them in at one swallow; but he fell on the floor, black in the face, and all but suffocated, as the clock left off striking.

"Carry him away," said Conde, "and take every care of him; he shall have the stewardship and the money!"

La Guiche obtained both; but never, as long as he lived, touched another shoulder of mutton. This gluttonous adventure is recorded in a pamphlet printed at Dijon in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-three, and entitled: The admirable way of La Guiche to eat methodically a joint of mutton while twelve o'clock is striking.

Selling One's Father for Grease!—A journal of Madrid, Spain, tells a queer story of a man whose father, having for some time been in a state of idiocy, was a heavy burden upon him. The old gentleman being very fat, the dutiful son gravely proposed to sell him to a neighbor to be melted down into grease! The neighbor consented, a bargain was struck for 800 reals, and the purchaser procured a large cauldron in which to boil the old man, when the authorities interfered and spoilt the speculation, by sending both him and the son to prison.

WHOM THE LORD LOVETH.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Not always of the favored ones and gay,
On whom the world smiles with indulgent eyes,—
Who have not learned the depths of tears and sighs—
Not always those whom men love most, are they
Whom the Lord loveth;

Bending beneath the weight of griefs and woes,
I see a pilgrim, pale with earnest thought,
Weighed down by sorrows which the world knows not,
Unnoticed and alone, yet one of those
Whom the Lord loveth.

Wealth, glory, worldly pride, aside he threw,
For the deep faith within him—far too strong
To brook divided powers;—untired, life-long,
Has been his labor for the Pure and True,—
Whom the Lord loveth.

His heart's best idols crumbled to decay,
And seeming friends grew frigid and unkind,—
But still, for every love which he resigned
Another angel hovered around his way,
Whom the Lord loveth.

The many look upon him scornfully,
And mockers laugh, and scoff his patient faith,
Yet not one harsh repaying word he saith,—
For always meek and pitiful is he
Whom the Lord loveth.

His worn feet grope through thorns, in shadows dim—
Red spots, which are not roses, mark his way,
Yet oft, as hovering wings around him play,
A crown-like halo lights the brow of him
Whom the Lord loveth.

Oh, strong in faith and love! all needlessly
My lips essay to cheer thy martyrdom—
Thou hast a sure reward,—and till it come
Let me embrace thy feet and learn of thee
Whom the Lord loveth!

—*Portland Transcript.*

The American Idea.—When one idea predominates strongly above all others, it is a key to a nation's history. The great idea of Rome, that which the child drank in with his mother's milk, was Dominion. The great idea of France is Glory. In despotisms, the idea of the king or the church possesses itself of the minds of the people, and a superstitious loyalty or piety becomes the badge of the inhabitants. The most interesting view of this country is the grandeur of the idea which has determined its history, and which is expressed in all its institutions. Take away this, and we have nothing to distinguish us. In the refined arts, in manners, in works of genius, we are as yet surpassed. From our youth and insulated position, our history has no dazzling brilliancy, but one distinction belongs to us. A great idea, from the beginning, has been working in the minds of this people, and it broke forth with peculiar energy in our revolution. This is the idea of human rights.—*Dr. W. E. Channing.*

A Model Bowl of Punch.—In 1094 a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russel's house, when he was commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, etc. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz: four hogsheads of brandy, eight ditto water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons lime-juice, thirteen hundred weight of lump sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and a pipe of dried Malaga wine. A canopy protected the fountain from the rain, and a boy from the fleet rowed a boat round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company, which comprised upwards of six hundred men.

The Origin of a Saying.—Rowland and Oliver were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers, and their exploits were rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romances, that from thence arose the saying among their more plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for an Oliver," to signify the matching of one incredible lie by another.

Humanity in Old Greece.—History tells us that once the Athenean theatre rose and swayed, and echoed with its feeling, when the verse of Ennius was uttered on its stage, "I am a man. I think no man-like thing alien to me." It was man's tribute to humanity. How many hearts echo the sentiment to-day!

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Many of the new flounces intended for trimming ball dresses are mounted in long sprays and cordons. Occasionally no less than seven or eight small cordons are employed in trimming one dress, and some of the prettiest of these *parures* are formed of moss-roses, elder-blossoms, pink hydrangeas, corn flowers and geraniums. Dresses of white tarletane, gauze and tulle have been effectively trimmed with wreaths of foliage, intermingled with grass and studded with beads of crystal in imitation of dew-drops. Several beautiful single flowers and detached bouquets have also been recently prepared for ball dresses. Some consist of white lilac, violets, almond, apple and peach blossom; others are formed of bunches of small grapes, or red, black or white currants, intermingled with foliage and blades of grass.

Ribbon is very generally employed as a trimming for dresses of light texture. One or two barege dresses have been made with double skirts, bordered with trimmings of ribbon. They have met with general approbation. A dress of gray barege, figured with a jasper-color pattern, has just been completed. It has two skirts. Two rows of ribbon, of a tint of gray corresponding with the dress, are placed just above the hem on the under skirt. On the upper skirt one row of ribbon surmounts the hem. The sleeves of this dress consist of one bouillonne and a frill, the latter edged with ribbon. The corsage is not pointed in front, and around the waist is worn a ribbon *ceinture*, with long flowing ends.

We may mention a novelty worn at a recent *fete champetre*. It consisted of a burnous of white muslin, having the pointed hood ornamented with needlework. At the point was fixed a bow of white ribbon. This cloak was worn with a dress of pearl-gray silk, trimmed with six rows of fringe, gray and white intermingled, and about two and a-half inches deep. The bonnet was of French chip, trimmed with pink and white blonde, intermingled with foliage in various shades of green. Another costume, worn on the same occasion as that just described, consisted of a dress of white worked muslin, having four richly embroidered flounces, each surmounted by a fluted frill of plain muslin. A shawl of black Chantilly lace was worn on the shoulders, and the bonnet consisted of sapphire blue crape, covered with blonde lace, and crossed with narrow bands of French chip. The trimming on the outside was composed of tufts of blue feathers; in the inside were small tufts of blue feathers and blonde lace. The strings were formed of blue ribbon.

Some pocket-handkerchiefs of exquisite beauty have just been received from Paris.—The needlework and Valenciennes with which they are ornamented, are so interwoven together, that the patterns form small pictures, consisting of landscapes, parterres of flowers, &c. Others have a pattern of armorial bearings, escutcheons and coronets.

Bonnets of white muslin may be mentioned among the novelties of the present summer.—These bonnets, which are destined only for the carriage-drive, are composed of muslin embroidered in a sprig pattern, lined with silk of some light color, such as blue, green, mallow, maize, &c. They are trimmed on the outside only with ruches of tulle illusion, and in the inside with bouquets of flowers. The strings are composed of ribbon of the same color as the lining.

The small, close bonnets called *capelines*, sometimes adopted in the country, are, this summer, being made of worked muslin, lined with colored silk or gauze, and the colors usually selected for this purpose are mallow, pink, blue, lilac or cerise. They are trimmed with ruches of tulle and ribbon. Other *capelines* of a less gay and elegant style, are composed of jacconet, silk, pique, &c.—*London Lady's Paper, July 25th.*

THE HORROR OF THE ARCTIC SILENCE.

The following eloquent description of the silence of an Arctic night occurs in Dr. Hay's lecture on the Arctic Regions. We have, at least upon one occasion, when eight or nine miles under ground in the Mammoth Cave, seemed to *feel* the darkness, but we never imagined that other negative attribute of nature, silence, could be so intense as to be *heard*. Yet the Doctor's description makes this strange paradox a reality. He says:

"The moonlights of this period (winter) are the most grand and impressive of anything I have ever witnessed. The clearness of the air, the white surface of the snow and ice give an effect monotonous and cheerless, but truly grand. But there is a *new element* which makes this mid-winter moonlight seem almost terrible in its impressiveness—it is *silence*.

"I have often, to escape from the trying monotony of ship-board life, gone off six or eight miles into the interior in search of novelty, and in order that I might be alone. There, seated upon a rock or snow-bank, I took around me and see a great uneven country, rocky hills and glaciers covered with snow, myriads of crystal gems sparkling in the light of the pale moon, which shoots its rays down through the crisp air, making it almost as light as day. I look seaward, and see a long plain of ice, melting into the horizon, dotted all over with huge towering bergs—nothing more. All nature is in the repose of death. I am too far from the shore to hear the crunching of the tables as they rise and fall lazily with the tide, or the roar like distant thunder as some huge crack opens through the heavy floes. There is no animal to cross my path, no tree among whose stiff branches the wind can sigh or moan. There is no song of bird to enliven the scene, no wild beast to howl. I stand there alone, the only representative of God's living world—the only being that has life or can move. Every sound that I hear, every motion that I see, is made by myself. I hear nothing but the pulsations of my own heart, my own footsteps, or now and then, possibly, in the distance, the deep rumbling of a falling snow-bank. The sensation of utter loneliness and isolation creeps over me. My heart beats; I am oppressed as with discordant sounds. Silence has ceased to be negative; it has become eternly positive. I hear, see, and feel it. Its presence is unendurable. I spring to my feet; I plant them heavily in the snow to drown its presence, and I rush back to the vessel, glad even to find refuge in its dull, dull life of horrid inactivity."

Webster's Eye.—The tropical eye, when found in conjunction with Caucasian features, is indicative of a very remarkable organization. It shows that tremulous sensibilities are reposing upon a base of logic. No one could fix his gaze for a moment upon that great Northern statesman, who has so recently gone down to his grave, without perceiving that this rare combination was the physical substrata of what he was, and what he did. That deep black iris, cinctured in a pearl white sclerotic, and, more than all, that fervid *torrid* glance and gleam, were the exponents and expression of a tropical nature; while the thorough bred Saxonism of all the rest of the physical structure indicated the calm and massive strength that underlay and supported all the passion and all the fire. It was the union of two great human types in a single personality. It was the whole torrid zone upheld in the temperate—*Prof. Shedd.*

Straightening the Cucumbers.—He took much pride in his growth of Cucumbers. He raised them very fine and large, but he could not make them grow straight. Place them as he would, notwithstanding all his propping of them, and humoring them by modifying the application of heat and the admission of light for the purpose of effecting his object, they would still insist on growing crooked in their own way. At last he had a number of glass cylinders made, into which the growing Cucumbers were inserted, and then he succeeded in growing them perfectly straight. Carrying one of the new products into his house one day, and exhibiting it to a party of visitors, he told them of the expedient he had adopted, and added gleefully, "I think I have bothered them noo."—*Smiles' Life of George Stephenson, the inventor of Railroads.*

Useful Receipts.

To Cure Egg-Eating Hens.—The following method was once adopted with success, by a correspondent of the London Cottage Gardener. He took a partially eaten egg from the nest, and substituted in place of the yolk, mustard mixed with water of a similar consistence. He then replaced the egg in the nest, and supposes the bird did not approve of the flavor, as he has not lost an egg since.

Tempering Steel Blades.—If the blade be very thin, it may be heated in the flame of a spirit-lamp, but if somewhat thick it is heated in a clear fire until it assumes a dull red color. It is then taken out and plunged into a bath of oil until ebullition ceases, then taken out, and, while wet, held over the flame of a fire until the oil begins to burn; it is then plunged again into the oil bath, and kept therein until it is quite cold. This is a method by which steel tools receive an excellent spring temper.—*Scientific American.*

Stable-Kicking.—The following is a good mode for curing horses of stable-kicking. Place in the horse's mouth a curb-bit, around his body a rope with two rings on it, situated on each side of the backbone, and around his hind fetlocks two straps fastened moderately tight. Then fasten two strings to the bit, and pass them from the bit through the rings to the straps around the fetlock, and there strongly secure them. The horse when he kicks, necessarily inflicts pain on his mouth, and usually desists from this playful habit.—*London Field.*

To Revive a Fading Flower.—Cut the stalk, and hold it a few moments in the flame of the candle, and then set the flower again in the cold water, when it will recover its strength almost visibly after this violent assistance, and blossom immediately.

Drench for Preventing Hydrophobia the Horse.—Box leaves, 8 ounces; rue ounces. Cut them very fine and boil in three pints of milk in a close vessel for an hour, strain. Boil the ingredients another hour three pints of water, and strain. Mix the decoctions. Give a third part every morning fasting.—*Blaine.*

To Prevent Hydrophobia in the Dog—Powdered leaves of the Scutellaria lateriflora 40 grains; powdered Belladonna, 2½ grains To be given night and morning for six weeks gradually increasing the dose.—*Youatt.* 2. Infuse a teaspoonful and a half of powdered Scutellaria in a quart of hot water. Give half a pint morning and night, omitting the dose every third day, when a mild dose of sulphur given.—*Dr. Spalding.* 3. Fresh leaves of the tree-box, 2 ounces; sage, ½ ounce. Chop them fine, and boil them in a pint of water till reduced to half a pint; strain and press out the liquid; beat the herbs, and boil them pint of new milk to half; strain, press the herbs, and mix the liquids. For a mare, give a third of this quantity every other morning fasting. Double the above quantity make three doses for a horse or cow. Two-thirds will suffice for a middle-sized dog, and for smaller dogs.—*Blaine.* [It produces extreme nausea and distress, and has occasionally proved fatal to dogs.]

Blackberry Wine.—There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine, when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We therefore give the receipt for making it:—"Measure your berries and bruise them to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have your wine ready for use."

How to Keep Pears from Wasps.—In the end of October and beginning of November wasps and bees, no longer having plums and grapes to devour, attacked my late pears. Day after day I found a Fondante de Noel, or Beurre Diel, or a Bonchretien de Rans, or Doyenne d'Hiver bored into. Rain got in the holes and not being able to escape, soon made the fruit rot so that I expected to lose all my pears. But one morning it occurred to me to put a pinch of plaster of paris into the hole. The plaster absorbed the moisture, and soon formed a hard crust, which held fast to the fruit and stopped all further access of water or air, so that not a single fruit decayed.—*The Cultural in the Revue Horticole.*

WILLIE—LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, dear little birdie,
Come back to our nest,
The old house is lonesome without you.
Come; mother will hold you
All day on her breast,
With the summer-wind blowing about you;
The misty white lilies
Make dainty the valleys—
And over the windows swing garlands of bloom—
Where the red vine
And jessamine
Fragrantly meet.
But a mourner-like shadow
Keeps watch in each room—
Oh! lost little baby!
Oh! silence and gloom!
And the sunshine steals sadly
In at the door
Touching the floor,
With mystical feet,
Softly and solemnly seeking thee, sweet,
As one seeks a playmate
Who lieth asleep
Where shadow and silence,
And purity keep!

Oh, dear little Willie!
My white budding lily
Of May, that the chilly
Frost-wind blew over
And touched with a spell
That keeps thee a-sleeping
Despite my wild weeping—
I loved thee—oh, darling!
I love thee still, baby,
In the death-shadows keeping;
But God and the angels, sweet,
Loved thee as well!

Sleep, little baby,
When next the wild May-bee
Swings in the delicate cup of the lily,
The innocent smile of my beautiful, hid
Under the roof of the dark coffin-lid
Shall burst into blossom
Of purple and white,
And the sweet morning light
Shall touch with rare splendor,
Solemn and tender,
The grave shadows chilly
That veil the blue eyes of
My lost baby-Willie!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE,

AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Some years ago, there resided in the north of England, a family of the name of Lupton—the Luptons of Greenhill Hall, they were called; they were Quakers, though for convenience, I shall omit their characteristic phraseology; and for centuries the family had inhabited the same venerable old mansion. Their residence, however, scarcely fulfilled the idea of a mansion; it was something between a farm-house and a manor-house. There was, for example, no carriage-drive up to the door; but a small white wicket, which opened into a garden, or rather a court, with a large plot of well-mown turf on each side, divided by a paved walk to the porch. The house was gabled, and consisted of only two stories; the windows were latticed, the rooms low, the ceilings and cornices beautifully carved, and there was a hall of considerable dimensions that no antiquarian who came into the neighborhood omitted to visit. The walls of the court and the house were covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy; and a long grove of fine old sycamores led from the extremity of Mr. Lupton's enclosure, in that direction, straight up to the wicket.

From the court there was no inlet or outlet but this one wicket; the back entrance, for servants and tradespeople, was behind the house, and it was reached by a path which turned off to the right, outside of the little gate. Mr. Lupton farmed a considerable quantity of his own land; and on each side of the sycamore grove extended a wide expanse of pasture, which was called the park, and was bordered by plantations of young wood; in the rear was a large walled garden, with dairy, stables, and outhouses. The farm-buildings were situated about a quarter of a mile from the house, and all around the land was divided into fields in a high state of cultivation.

In short, nothing could look more prosperous, comfortable, and well-to-do, than the whole estate; and the owners were thoroughly in accordance with all that surrounded them—worthy, sensible, plain people, respected by their neighbors, high and low; and, from their easy circumstances and ancient family, holding a very good standing in the country.

I have been rather particular in this description; but it will presently be seen that these details are not unimportant or irrelevant to what I have to relate.

Though belonging to the Society of Friends, these good people by no means shut themselves out from the world; they hospitably entertained their neighbors, and visited them in return; and Mr. Lupton, moreover, being a connoisseur in horses, and a breeder, occasionally attended the county races, and was very fond of the sport.

In the month of April, in the year 18—, the weather being fine, and the moon at the full, he told his wife that he should ride over to Doncaster, to see the race, and probably be home at night between eleven and twelve o'clock. Under these circumstances, early hours being the rule at Greenhill Hall, Mrs. Lupton told the servants to leave the tray with some cold meat and a glass of ale, on the dining-table, and then go to bed; as she would sit up for their master. Accordingly, by half-past nine o'clock everybody but herself had retired to rest; whilst she, with her knitting, sat waiting and listening for her husband till eleven, when she heard his welcome tap at the window; he having kindly forborne to knock, lest he should waken the sleepers above. The road from Doncaster leading past the stables, at the back of the house, he had there dismounted, and given his horse in charge to the groom who was waiting for it.

The weather had been charming, the race capital, the night so light for his ride home, that you might have picked up a pin, and the gray-mare had done her day's work without turning a hair. Altogether Mr. Lupton had returned in excellent spirits; and after relating the incidents of the day to his wife, and partaking of a little refreshment, they lighted their bedroom candles, and retired for the night.

"You'll be glad to get to bed," said Mrs. Lupton, as she took off her cap; "you must be tired with your long ride."

"Not much," replied he; "the mare's action is so smooth, that I scarcely feel as if I had been doing more than usual. By the by, I met Harmer as I was going through Doncaster; and he says,

"Hush!" said Mrs. Lupton, holding up her finger; "I hear a carriage."

"A carriage!" returned her husband, drawing aside the muslin curtain that shaded the window. "There *is* something coming up the avenue. Have any of the farm-people been to the races, think you?"

"I am sure they have not," replied Mrs. Lupton; "besides, they wouldn't come up the avenue, you know, if they had. It sounds like a post-chaise; it's not a cart certainly."

"It is a post-chaise," said Mr. Lupton. "What can bring it here?"

"It must be some mistake," replied Mrs. L. "Somebody coming from the races; they've lost their way, perhaps. What a rate they are coming at! The driver's been drinking, I dare say."

I must here remark, that the sycamore avenue was not a public road; it terminated exactly at the little white gate, and led only to the house. The road to Doncaster passed round and outside of Mr. L.'s park; and even carts going to and from the farm generally went that way, as he did not like the carriage-road cut up by heavy wheels.

By this time they had a distinct view of the post-chaise; and as it approached the wicket, they opened their window, which was immediately over the porch, prepared to answer the inquiries they expected, and explain to the driver that he was out of his road. But before it had quite reached the gate, the carriage stopped, a lady in white jumped out, and, after paying the boy, walked straight up to the wicket, whilst the driver turned round and drove away as fast as he had come.

"Hoigh, hoigh!" called Mr. Lupton; "You've made a mistake; you're wrong."

But the man did not heed, or did not hear, for he never slackened his pace; whilst the lady lifted the latch of the wicket, and walked confidently up to the porch.

"Who's there? Who is it?" cried Mr. and Mrs. Lupton, in great surprise.

At the sound of their voices, the lady lifted up her head, and displayed to their wondering eyes one of the most extraordinary beautiful young faces they had ever beheld; and what was still more remarkable, she was in the costume of a bride; at least, she was all in white. She had neither bonnet nor hat, and a large transparent veil was thrown over her head, and reached almost to her feet.

"Who is it?" repeated the astonished couple.

"Is this Greenhill Hall?" asked the lady.

"Yes, it is."

"And is that Mrs. Lupton?"

"Yes, it is; who are you?"

"All right," returned the lady; and, so saying, she stepped into the porch.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Lupton, in amazement. "Run down, George, and open the door."

Mr. Lupton hastily put on the coat he had just taken off, and ran down stairs; whilst Mrs. Lupton remained at the window, to observe what passed. She heard him unbolt the door, and immediately saw him step from beneath the porch; and, looking up to his wife,

"Where's she gone?" he said.

"She's not gone. Isn't she there?" said Mrs. Lupton.

"She's not here," said Mr. L., looking all round the court.

"She can't be gone," said Mrs. L.; "I've never left the window for a moment."

"But she is gone, I tell you. There's nobody here. Bless my soul, we can't be dreaming!" By this time he had opened the wicket, and was casting his eyes in every direction. "Why this is the most unaccountable thing I ever knew in my life."

"She can't be gone; it's impossible," said Mrs. L., who now joined him below, having thrown a large shawl over her head. "She couldn't go without my seeing her, you know. I have never turned my head for an instant."

"She is gone, though," said Mr. L. "Where is she?"

"I never heard of such a thing! Why it's like magic!" cried his wife.

"What can it mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lupton. "Stop here a moment; I'll fetch my stick, and go round to the back."

"Take the key, and shut the door; I'll go too," said Mrs. Lupton, whose curiosity was too much excited to allow of her remaining behind.

But they were not more successful in the rear of the house than the front. They searched every place large enough for a dog or a cat to hide itself in; they found the stable locked, and the groom gone to bed; they tried the garden door, and every door—all were fast. They went actually into the plantations; they left no means untried; but the lady was not to be found. "Besides," as they both kept reiterating, "what's the use of it? She could not possibly have left the court unseen. *I* was not a minute running down stairs, and *I* never left the window."

And yet she was gone; for she certainly was not there. At last they returned, and went to bed; but sleep was out of the question—they were so excited, so amazed, so perplexed. Who was she? Where did she come from? Why did she come there at all? What did she want? How did she go? Then her extraordinary beauty and youth; for she did not look more than sixteen. And her dress? Why was she attired as a bride; and how came she alone in a post-chaise at that time of the night?

Their brains were in a whirl of wonder; and as they could not form a single rational conjecture, the more they thought of it, the more perplexed they were.

When morning broke upon their sleepless bed, they arose; and the first thing Mr. Lupton did, was to go into the avenue, and look for the traces of the wheels. There they were, fresh and clean, and ceasing exactly where the chaise had stopped and turned.

"Then it's not a dream," said Mr. Lupton.

"A dream!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, I have heard of strange dreams that appeared so like reality, that people did not know whether they were asleep or awake; and, upon my word, this is such an inexplicable thing, that I began to think it could not have happened at all." And then they reiterated the circumstances again and again, as people do when they can find no solution to a mystery; but the more they talked of it, the more puzzled they grew.

Of course the servants being asleep were quite ignorant of what had occurred; they only stared vacantly when Mrs. Lupton mentioned the arrival and disappearance of their strange visitor; and, as she said, "It was of no use talking to them about it; they'll think we've gone out of our minds."

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Lupton took his hat, and walked down to the village, which was situated about half a mile from the bottom of the avenue. The public-house people were more likely to have been up at that hour than any others; so to the Chequers he directed his steps, and inquired of the host if he knew anything of a carriage that passed through the village last night about twelve o'clock?

"No, sir," said the host, "but I seed it; for I was just gone up to bed, and was a-taking off my clothes, when I heard the wheels; and says to my old 'oman, says I, 'What can that be, at this time o' night?' and, says she, 'It's somebody from the races going to the Hall;' and I looked out o' the window and seed the chaise go past."

"Have you any idea where the chaise came from? Did you know the driver?"

"No, sir; I didn't see his face, nor who was inside; the horse was a galloping. Anything wrong about it, sir?"

It was quite natural that the man should make this inquiry; but the question was more easily asked than answered. The thing seemed so absurd, it was so like some strange hallucination, that Mr. Lupton was ashamed to tell it. He was afraid the affair would become the subject of general gossip, and even get into the newspapers, if they made much stir about it—a sort of publicity they wished to avoid—so he evaded the inquiry, and returned home.

"We must endeavor to find out if there has been any elopement, or any wedding, in this part of the country; and we must watch the papers to see if anybody is missing. Could she be a lunatic escaped from some asylum?"

"Not in that dress," said Mrs. Lupton; "and it looked as white and as fresh as if it had just come out of a band-box; besides, whatever she was, where did she go to?"

"Ah, that's the question," answered Mr. Lupton.

"If we could only find out where the chaise came from," suggested the lady.

"But that is so difficult; there are a dozen places it might have come from within twenty miles round; and then there are so many people that keep post-horses at Chesterfield and Doncaster. However, I'll make what inquiries I can, you may depend; for I shan't feel comfortable till I know the meaning of it."

And accordingly he neglected nothing to find the meaning of it. He wrote to his friends at the different places where post-horses were kept, without precisely communicating the motive of the inquiry, begging them to ascertain whether on that night a lady had hired a chaise for Greenhill Hall: he rode to the nearest lunatic asylum, to ask if any of their lady-patients had escaped; and they carefully watched the newspapers, especially the county ones, to learn if anybody was advertised as missing.

But it was all to no purpose; nothing whatever could they discover to throw the least light on the mystery; and after they had exhausted every source of information they could think of, and talked over the thing till they were tired, and turned and twisted it till they could turn and twist it no more, Mr. Lupton came down one morning, and said,

"Now, Rebecca, we won't talk any more about this business; it has worried me more than anything ever worried me in my life, and I am determined to forget it; so I'll thank you never to mention it again."

"Well, I think you're right, George; for I declare I sometimes feel as if I was insane with thinking and puzzling myself about it. I am sure I shall be very glad if I *can* forget it."

So this resolution was made and kept; and to render the avoidance of the subject more easy, they made a little excursion to London, in order to turn their thoughts in other directions. The vividness of the impression made by this perplexing affair somewhat faded as time advanced; and then, when they had ceased to torment themselves with searching for an explanation that they could not find, they did not scruple to refer to the White Lady, as they called her, and even to tell the story to their friends; and those who knew Mrs. Lupton, assure me that the minute details she gave, and the simple but earnest manner in which she related the events of that night, used to transfix her hearers with wonder and curiosity.

CHAPTER II.

Twelve years had elapsed; and at length this wonder, like all other wonders, receded among the things of the past, and faded from men's memories; only that, occasionally, some stranger, on hearing the name of Lupton of Greenhill Hall, would revive it by asking if there was not some ghost-story, or extraordinary incident, connected with the old place; when it happened that some friends, connections, indeed, of Mrs. Lupton, who had spent their lives and made their fortunes in London, came and settled in the neighborhood of Chesterfield, and not long after their arrival they accepted an invitation to luncheon at Greenhills. They came with post-horses; and as she was crossing the hall, Mrs. Lupton observed the driver standing by his carriage at the wicket, and, with the hospitality and good-nature that distinguished her, she went forward and told him that she would send some one to look to his horses while he went into the house and took a little refreshment. "Or perhaps you had better drive round to the back-door," she said. "But you don't know the way?"

"No, ma'am, I don't, for I never was here but once afore, and that was twelve years agone; but I'd reason to remember the place, for I got into trouble about it."

"Really, I'm sorry for that. How did it happen?"

"Why, ma'am, it was the strangest thing as ever I knew. It was the Doncaster races—"

"Doncaster races, and twelve years since? Who did you drive?"

"Why, ma'am, I druv a lady—"

"A young lady, dressed in white?"

"The same, ma'am."

"George," she cried, "for heaven's sake, come here! This is the post-boy that drove the White Lady."

No less eager than herself to have the mystery solved, Mr. Lupton hastened to the door, and interrogated the man.

"Why, sir," said he, "I had druv a party from Doncaster to the Grange. You know the Grange, sir?"

"Yes, it's about four miles from here. And did you bring that lady from Doncaster?"

"No, sir, no; it war two gentlemen as I druv to the Grange; they'd rode to Doncaster in the morning, and one of the horses fell lame, and so they left 'em behind at the White Hart."

"But where did the lady come from, then?"

"Well, sir, that's what I allers axed myself. I'd set down the gents, and was agoing along the road, easy like, riding on the box, when I seed a lady all in white awalking on the foot-path. It war bright moonlight, and I seed her some way off; and, to say the truth, I felt queer like, for I thought it warn't nat'ral for a lady all in white to be walking her 'lone there at that time o' night, and I pulled in a bit, to see what she done. Well, sir, I s'pose she heard the wheels; for just as I was agoing to whip up my horses to get past her—for a cold shiver came over me like, as if cold water were arunning down my back—she turns round and holds up her hand so. So I drew up, and when she were close to the chaise, she says, 'I want to go to Greenhill Hall—Mrs. Lupton's; open the door.' And with that she put two golden guineas into my hand; so I were down in a jiffy—for she spoke with authority like, as if she war a queen; and I says, 'Where is it, ma'am?' for I war a stranger in those parts then. 'Ask,' says she; and her face war white, like a corpse's."

"And who did you ask?" said Mr. Lupton, thinking of his own fruitless inquiries.

"I asked some folks in a dog-cart, as had been to the races, I s'pose, and they told me I war to take the first turn to the left, and then go straight on till I comed to a village, and that Mr. Lupton's war half a mile beyond the village, and that I should know it by a long avenue of sycamores; they said I couldn't mistake it, 'cause it war the only gentleman's house near. It be easy to find, you know, sir."

"Well?" said Mrs. Lupton, whose wonder was excited to the last degree.

"Well, ma'am, I druv hard, for I didn't want my master to know I'd taken up a back fare; and when we got near the house—just to about that third tree, ma'am—I heard her say, 'Stop!' and afore I could get off my horse she had opened the door and jumped out. 'Never mention this while you live,' says she, in a stern sort of way, and she gived me another guinea; and then she waved her hand, as if bidding me be off. So I turned my horses' heads, and druv back with a light heart, for I war young then, and I never had so much money afore; but it brought me no luck, for I lost it all, and my place, too."

"How did you lose it?" asked Mr. Lupton.

"Well, I don't know, sir. I don't know whether I war robbed, or whether I lost it out of my pocket. I war so pleased, that I stopped at the Bull to take a glass, and I'm feared I took a leetle too much; for when I got back they said I war drunk, and my master turned me away; and sin' that I've been driving for the Lion at Chesterfield."

"And is that all you know about the lady?" asked Mrs. Lupton, considerably disappointed.

"That's all, ma'am; I never seed the lady afore nor since."

"And you've no idea who she was?"

"No, ma'am; I thought she war a friend o' the family, belike."

"No," answered Mrs. Lupton. "The truth is, she was quite a stranger, and we have never been able to learn who she was, nor where she came from."

"I've often thought on it since," said the man. "She war a beautiful young lady, and dressed beautiful, too; but, somehow, I warn't comfortable when she spoke to me. I've often told it to my old mother; and she says she shouldn't be surprised if she war something *no canny*, as they say in the North, and that's why I could never find the gold; but them's nothing but old wives' tales, ma'am, I s'pose."

"I suppose so, too," replied Mrs. Lupton, half-inclined to adopt the old lady's conjecture.

"I war rather curious about her, too," rejoined the man; "and when I'd turned my chaise round, I stood up on the footboard, and looked over the top of the chaise to see what she was adoing; and I seed her open that 'ere wicket, and walk up to the porch."

"And where did she go then?" asked Mrs. Lupton.

"In at the door, I s'pose, ma'am, for I lost sight on her all in a minute."

"Well," said Mr. Lupton, "I'll send somebody to show you into the house." And having directed the servants to give the man some refreshment, he and his wife returned to their friends, and, by way of excusing their absence, told them the history of the White Lady. "And I almost wish," said Mrs. L., "that we had not heard the man's story; for it has only left us more perplexed than ever."

Six years more slipped by, and the White Lady and the post-boy survived only as a tale for a winter's fireside; when it was rumored that the great-grandson of Sir Theobald Maxwell was coming back to inhabit the Grange. Old Sir Theobald was a sort of myth in the neighborhood. For years nobody precisely knew why, but to the minds of the peasantry around his name represented an impersonation of everything that was violent, arbitrary, despotic, and cruel—a father or a husband "like old Sir Theobald," or "as bad as old Sir Theobald," was a comprehensive condemnation that everybody understood, though not one could allege any foundation for their fixed belief that "old Sir Theodald was an awful man."

This entire ignorance was not only owing to the many years that had elapsed since he had run his career, but also to the total absence from the country of every member of the family, and the entire cutting-off of all connection with the Grange. Nobody now knew why or whither they had gone, or even whether any of the family were in the land of the living; that is, the generality of the people did not. Those who read the newspapers might learn that there were Maxwells in India, and among them a Sir Thomas Maxwell; though few knew, or cared to know, whether he was a descendant of Sir Theobald, or claimed his parentage across the border. The Grange had been let to successive tenants, on leases for longer or shorter periods, and the rents had been received by agents, who were responsible to somebody in London. In short, except for the use, or abuse, they made of his name, old Sir Theobald and his family were utterly forgotten. So when the news arrived that his great-great-grandson, Sir Thomas, was coming home from India to inhabit the Grange, people were almost as much surprised as if they had heard that Sir Theobald himself was about to re-appear.

However, if the new baronet was to be judged of by the symptoms that foreran his arrival, he was likely to prove a very different sort of person to his ancestor; for the Grange, which was a large, solemn, dreary, nay, ghostly-looking mansion, was converted, under the direction of a skilful builder, into a cheerful, habitable, handsome house; and the formal garden, with its high hedges, clipped yew-trees, and stone-basins, was extended into a fine pleasure-ground, with flowers, lawn, and lake.

When the place was completed, several servants appeared, and an upholsterer came down from London, who superintended the arrival and arranging of the new furniture, which was entirely in keeping with the taste that had directed the other alterations; and at length, when all was ready, Sir Thomas came himself, bringing with him a wife and a family of children, varying in age from ten to twenty. The preparing of flags, and the weaving of laurels, and the practisings of the village-band, that preceded this eventful day, kept the neighborhood in a state of excitement; and when they galloped through the village—Sir Thomas and my lady in the first carriage, and two others following with the young people—the cheers that deafened them testified to the heartiness of their welcome, and the hopes their return had awakened; for it was certainly not the recollection of past benefits, but the prospect of favors to come, that inspired these eager manifestations.

This enthusiastic reception, such as is apt to await the arrival of people, good and bad, who travel with four horses, was apparently not erroneously bestowed on this occasion; for no sooner was Sir Thomas settled at the Grange, than he gave a grand entertainment, to which all the country round was invited, high and low. Oxen and sheep were roasted, barrels of beer tapped on the lawn, tents were erected, and the whole house thrown open to visitors. To these public entertainments succeeded a series of more private and select ones; dinners and balls followed each other, for Sir Thomas said he had a long debt of hospitality to pay, and that he wanted to make acquaintance with his neighbors.

Among the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Lupton were frequently invited; and one day, as Sir Thomas and Mr. L. were sitting together over their wine, and no other guests were present, the former, alluding to his improvement, and the cheerful aspect they had communicated to the place, said,

"Yes, I think we have dislodged the ghost at last."

Mr. Lupton laughed, as most people do at mention of a ghost, though, I confess, I never could exactly see why.

"Yes," said he, "it was just the place for a ghost; but I don't think I ever heard of the old house being haunted, though I wonder it has escaped the imputation."

"Has it escaped?" asked Sir Thomas.

"I believe so," said Mr. Lupton, surprised at the earnestness of the question. "I never recollect hearing anything of the sort."

"Well, so much the better," answered Sir Thomas; "but I am surprised you never heard of the ghost."

"Never," said Mr. Lupton. "What's the story?"

"Don't you know the cause of our family's expatriating themselves? You've heard of my great-grandfather, old Sir Theobald?"

"Of course; he died in India, I believe?"

"Is it possible you are unacquainted with the tragedy that connects your family and ours? I know that the thing was hushed up in a way that such things can't be hushed up now; but I was not aware the secret had been so well kept."

Mr. Lupton's curiosity was of course vividly excited; and to satisfy it, Sir Thomas proceeded to relate what follows:

The Grange family were a branch of the Scotch Maxwells, who had brought from over the border more pride than pelf. As Sir Thomas said, they were half savages, with an interminable genealogy and barren rent roll, who inhabited a ruined tower, whence they looked down with contempt upon all the world, except a few Scotch families of equally ancient blood. A sister of Sir Theobald's father had, to the disgust of her relations, married a prosperous Englishman; and when he died, he left this place to his widow, and she bequeathed it to her brother, on condition it was never to be sold; for she respected her husband's memory and wishes, and she knew well enough, if left free to do so, the estate would be quickly turned into money to repair the broken-down fortunes at home. Sir Theobald was the second son, and the favorite of his father, the first possessor of the Grange; and when he died he left it to him, being on very ill terms with his heir. This heir, the elder brother, was already married; but his two sons died young; and being therefore indifferent about his successor, he left the Scotch property so deeply in debt, that Sir Theobald, on inheriting the baronetcy, gave up the remnant to the creditors to make the best they could of it, and took up with the Grange as his permanent home.

By this time he was drawing towards middle age, and the impression he made on his arrival does not seem to have been an agreeable one. Tall, gaunt, high-shouldered, and hard-featured, such were his outward characteristics; and he had not been long at the Grange before certain manifestations of what was within this rugged exterior confirmed the unfavorable opinion. He brought with him from Scotland a wife and two sons, over whom, it was soon perceived, he exercised a barbarous and despotic tyranny. The lady, who bore the remains of considerable beauty—for they were but remains, although she was some years younger than her husband—appeared utterly broken in health and spirits, and to have but one interest or object left in life, which was to shelter her sons from their father's harshness and cruelty. It was a miserable household; servants could not abide it, and invariably gave warning at the end of the first quarter. After a few attempts at visiting, the gentry relinquished the attempt, and at last tacitly agreed to leave the tyrant and his victims alone; and thus, shut up with their own wretchedness, the name of "Old Sir Theobald Maxwell" became a by-word in the neighborhood.

One morning the world outside this abode of desolation were startled by hearing that Lady Maxwell was very ill; a physician was sent for, who pronounced her past hope; she died, and was buried; and every body said her husband had broken her heart, and that it was a worse murder than if he had shed her blood; and so it was, no doubt. Every body, too, pitied the poor boys, and wondered what on earth was to become of them now their protectress was gone.

But the mother had asked herself this question, too, and bethought herself how she could extend her protection beyond the grave. Achilles had a vulnerable heel; and Sir Theobald, case-hardened as he was, had one accessible spot—he was, what is called, exceedingly superstitious. From his infancy he had heard of apparitions, haunted houses, second sight, and all those phenomena which, on whatever foun-

GOOD DOG—GOOD DOG!

Our engraving is a sketch from an English picture by W. Hunt, an artist of good reputation. Everybody will find it amusingly suggestive—since everybody has at some time in his, or her, life, seen a boy playing drill-master to his dog, with all the "gravity and instance" of the boy in our picture. For who that has been a boy has not had a dog, and has not been at great pains to teach him such accomplishments as the animal before us is evidently the master of? Our dog here, however, though accomplished, evidently does not know it. Clearly enough, his canine brain is much perplexed to know why he should stand on his hind legs with a pipe in his mouth. He can see no good reason for such an unnatural posture and practice, though he obeys with a sort of troubled trust his young master, whose well-pleased face, intently fixed on him, binds him to continue the ordeal. The sentiment of the picture has been very skillfully maintained by the artist.

dation, were currently believed in some years ago among the sequestered regions of his native country. There were legends in his own family that, if not avowedly, were secretly credited by the members of it; and there was a room in the old tower of Glengree that nobody ever slept in. Lady Maxwell, well acquainted with this penetrable side of her husband's character, took advantage of it for her children's defence. Under the threat of haunting him if he did not comply with her wishes, she extracted a promise, when she was dying, that he would immediately send her boys to school; and, as soon as they were old enough, let them go to India, where she herself had relations—as far as possible from their home; that was their only security. He promised, and he kept his word. She was no sooner laid in the earth than they were sent away to an academy; and everybody rejoiced to see the poor boys released, before their health was ruined and their spirits broken by their father's tyrannical rule.

CHAPTER III.

But Sir Theobald was alone now; and one might have thought such an ungenial being would have recognized by this time that he was not fit to live with any other human creature, and that the bear would have retreated finally into his den, to sulk and brood alone; but unhappily it was not so; he resolved on a second marriage, and was not long in deliberating on his choice. The young lady he selected for his bride was called Emmeline Larpent. She was the daughter of his attorney at Doncaster; and he had chanced to see her one day when business took him in that direction. To see her was to admire her, for she was a lovely little fairy, just home from school; innocent, joyous, and utterly inexperienced, although there was a sort of boyish and girlish intimacy, born of balls and pic-nics and junketings between her and young Arthur Lupton, who was an articled clerk in her father's office, and whose family were not then Quakers.

When Sir Theobald made up his mind to marry this young lady, it is not to be supposed that he thought it necessary to recommend himself by any process of courtship. On the contrary, he rode over to Doncaster one morning, put up his horse at the Black Bull, walked straight into Mr. Larpent's office, and asked him for his daughter's hand as he would have asked him for his bill. Mr. Larpent hesitated, for few were ignorant of the baronet's character; but then he was ambitious, and much poorer than the world thought him. He was flattered, too, at the idea of his daughter being Lady Maxwell of the Grange; *but*—there certainly was a *but* in the case.

"In respect of settlement," said Sir Theobald, speaking with a broad Scotch accent, "ye ken weel there's no entail; and aw shall gie her leddyship a handsome dower and alimony, and settle the estate on her heirs."

"But your sons by the first marriage, Sir Theobald?" suggested Mr. Larpent.

The baronet snapped his fingers, and made a pun, as he would have called it. He did not condescend to any other reply. He had fulfilled his promise, and was in no fear of the ghost; he had not bound himself to *provide* for his sons, and it afforded him infinite satisfaction thus to be revenged on his wife, and defeat, in some measure, her motherly intentions.

This was too much for the lawyer. Sir Theobald was fifty years of age; his daughter not seventeen, and must outlive him, of course, when he should have the sole management of the estate for his grandchildren, and so forth. Thus men reason, or unreason. He did not remember that he was probably consigning his daughter to an early grave, and that the baronet, with an iron constitution, was much more likely to live than he was himself. So "men think all men mortal but themselves."

Moreover, Sir Theobald demanded no fortune with his bride,—he knew the state of affairs too well,—but only that whatever her father had should come to her at his death.

When Mr. Larpent told his daughter that she was to marry Sir Theobald Maxwell she pouted her rosy lips; for she thought of young Arthur Lupton, and how she liked to dance with him, and how merry and pleasant he was at the pic-nics; but when her father reminded her that she would be addressed as "my lady," and drive her own carriage, she yielded. She had been at school till within a few months, and had heard little or nothing of Sir Theobald, and she had never seen him to her knowledge; she was but a child, and was unusually childish for her years. It is therefore not to be wondered at that she offered no opposition to her father's will, and that a letter soon arrived at the Grange, announcing the young lady's acceptance of the proposal. Then came the glow of preparation, and the pleasing occupation of buying new dresses, and having them made; whilst Sir Theobald, perhaps conscious that the less he exhibited himself to his bride the better, instead of hastening over to pay his *devoirs* to her, wrote to Mr. Larpent to say that he was going on urgent business to London, desiring him to draw up the deed of settlement, as agreed between them, and have it ready for signature when he returned.

In all probability the father did not regret this want of *empressement* on the part of the lover. Parents who sacrifice their children in this manner do not want to be reminded of their cruelty by the struggles of their victims. Mr. Larpent struck a balance of the advantages and disadvantages of the match; and, by a process of self-delusion, gave the preponderance to the first. Whilst he saw his daughter, with an unfaded cheek and bright eye, gaily occupied with her marriage outfit, and the clerks in his office busy over the parchments which were to make her mistress of the Grange, his conscience was tolerably easy; but he secretly dreaded the first interview of the betrothed couple, and had a presentiment that difficulties might arise even after the outfit and the deed were completed.

Every thing was ready, when a letter arrived from the baronet, saying, that he had been detained longer than he expected in London, but that on a certain day his two sons were to set sail for India; that on the ensuing one he should start on his journey homewards, and he desired every thing might be ready for the marriage, which he intended should be solemnized on the third of April.

It was now the latter end of March; every thing was ready; and to prevent his daughter, and perhaps himself, from thinking too seriously of what was about to happen, he opened his house to his friends, and gave a ball, at which all the silly girls of the neighborhood called her "my lady," and said they envied her luck; whilst their elders looked on her with compassion, called her "poor lamb!" and wondered how her father could have "the heart to do it."

The young men generally envied Sir Theobald, and were indignant with Mr. Larpent; but there was one who took the thing deeply to heart, and that was Arthur Lupton. Emmeline had had a simple preference for him, which might possibly, with time, have ripened into a serious attachment; but Arthur really loved her, much more than he had been aware of himself, till he heard she was to be given to another. Then,—whether because we prize more what we are about to lose, or because pity melted his heart and heightened his affection,—he learnt the extent of his own love and despair. He well knew the misery to which the poor girl was consigned by the impending marriage; for, his family living in the neighborhood of the Grange, the character of Sir Theobald was familiar to him, and he had often heard the sufferings of his late wife discussed and lamented. But what could he do? How was it possible to prevent the sacrifice? He could not sleep at night, nor do his business by day, for thinking of it. He was a mere youth of nineteen, with a salary of fifty pounds a-year, the youngest son of his father, who had several. Even had the baronet been out of the question, he was aware that Mr. Larpent would never have accepted him as a suitor to his daughter. Of course his entertaining such an idea would be considered a great offence and presumption; and he had no reason to hope that even the young lady herself would be willing to sacrifice her rank and title for him and his fifty pounds; though, being a good-natured girl, she did appear to be sorry for him, for his misery was too evident to escape her notice. With a pale cheek and hollow eye,—for he had lost his appetite and his sleep,—he attended her to all the festivities that preceded the wedding; the respectability of his family and his youth precluding the idea of danger, in the father's opinion, and rendering him a desirable and safe escort; and whilst she tried to console him by sisterly regard, he sighed and shook his head, and hinted that there was nothing left for him but an early grave.

"If I thought you were to be happy, Emmeline; but I know him better than you do; he's a tyrant to every body about him."

"Oh, if he's cross, I shall come back to papa."

"That's more easily said than done; women can't leave their husbands, when they choose."

"Why, he won't lock me up, will he?" said Emmeline, laughing.

"Well, he might even do that; I wouldn't answer for him."

"I'd get out pretty soon, I warrant," answered the thoughtless girl.

"Well, Emmeline," said the poor boy, seeing he could make no serious impression on her inexperienced mind, "remember, my father and mother live at Greenhill Hall; they will be your nearest neighbors, and if you want any advice or assistance, I'm sure they'll be the best friend you can have—that is, if your husband will let you have any friends."

"I shan't ask him," said Emmeline, in a tone of defiance.

"Ah, Emmeline, how *little* you know! However, my mother is one of the kindest women that ever lived; and if it's only for my sake, I'm sure she would do anything for you. It would be a comfort to me, when I'm in my grave, if I could know that my mother was watching over you here on earth. I shall be watching over you, Emmeline."

"Well, between you all, I shall be well taken care of," said Emmeline. "But now don't fret so, Arthur. I shall often drive in my carriage to see papa—it is only fifteen miles; and when you go to Greenhill, you'll come and see me; besides, you'll soon forget me, and fall in love with somebody else."

"Never!" returned Arthur, indignantly. "I'm miserable enough; don't insult me, Emmeline."

So they talked, as girls and boys do talk occasionally, in a remote corner of a drawing-room, or amidst the clatter of fiddles and feet, where their conversation was interrupted every now and then by having to wheel round some couple who came coursing down the middle of a country-dance.

Ships do not always sail at the period appointed; and Sir Theobald was detained in London longer than he had anticipated. He had by letter, announced this delay inevitable, as he described it to Mr. Larpent, desiring him to send the deed of settlement to the Grange, in order that he might look it over before he signed it. It was possible, he said, that he might not be home till the day before that fixed for the wedding; if that were the case, he would bring the deed with him, and they could attach their signatures before the ceremony took place.

This prolonged absence and utter neglect of courtship was rather remarkable; but, strange to say, none of the parties immediately concerned, complained of it. The bride did not, for she rather dreaded than desired the arrival of her lover, not because she was exactly afraid of him—for she had no doubt of having every thing her own way—but from a feeling of girlish shyness; she was marrying a carriage and a title, and rather shrank from the appendage that was to accompany them; and this indifference arose, not from an interested or ambitious mind, but from a childish and undeveloped one. Mr. Larpent did not, for the reason already indicated; he had his secret misgivings, and thought the less she saw of her bridegroom, the better; and Arthur did not, for ardently he wished the bridegroom might never come at all. The little public of Doncaster made their comments on all parties, but with the insincerity that generally prevails in society, they openly congratulated and flattered both the father and daughter, whilst they secretly pitied one and condemned the other.

"Papa," said Emmeline, "as poor Aunt Thomas is too ill to come to my wedding to-morrow, I should like to go to Redlands this morning, and take leave of her. Could you spare Arthur to walk with me?"

"Yes, I think I can," replied Mr. Larpent; "for there won't be much done to-day in the office, I suppose. I promised him a half-holiday, and it may as well be a whole one, I fancy."

Aunt Thomas lived about four miles from Doncaster; and soon after breakfast the young people set off on their long walk, naturally taking the by-road, through fields and lanes, in preference to the turnpike. Poor Arthur was all melancholy and sighs; and as for Emmeline, little as she anticipated her fate, and obscure as her idea was of what she was about to undertake, even she did not feel very cheerful, now that the period of this great change in her situation was so near. They walked on silently, arm within arm, Arthur intensely conscious that that dear arm would never be pressed to his side again, and Emmeline unconscious that he was pressing it at all, her mind being entirely engrossed with her own affairs—as how she should receive her bridegroom the next morning, what he would say to her, how she should feel during the ceremony, and at that still more awful moment, when she should step into the carriage and drive away alone with him. Her heart sank a little when she thought of that, and of leaving her indulgent father and happy home, where she did exactly what she pleased, to live among strangers in a home unknown; but then it was to her own carriage, and a splendid home, and she would be called "my lady," and there was not a girl in Doncaster who did not envy her.

They partook of an early dinner with Aunt Thomas—a simple woman, living in retirement and obscurity—who knew nothing of Sir Theobald, and was therefore elated at her niece's elevation; and then, after receiving the warmest congratulations and blessings, the young people departed to walk home.

As they approached the end of this walk, which was to be their last, Arthur, who was bursting with grief and jealousy, and had been irritated by the old lady's ill-timed rejoicings, addressed his companion as "Miss Larpent."

"How cross and disagreeable you are, Arthur!" said Emmeline. "What's the use of it?"

"I'm not cross—but I must learn to keep my distance; there's a great way between a poor clerk and baronet's lady."

"Stuff! Do you think I shan't be just the same to you, Arthur?"

"You can never be the same to me, Emmeline," relied the young man, his heart melting with a word of kindness. "Oh, Emmeline, you little know how wretched I am; if you did, you'd pity me."

"Well, dear Arthur, and so I do pity you; but if I hadn't married Sir Theobald, you know well enough papa would never have let me marry you—because you've no fortune; and papa thinks so much of money. I'm sure I wish you had plenty of money, and then—" She stopped suddenly, blushing at the recollection that she was going too far.

"What *then*?" said Arthur, eagerly, and in the excitement of the moment, throwing his arm round her waist; "don't stop, Emmeline. What then? Would you have been mine?"

"Well, you know, Arthur, I ought not to say so now; but—oh, take away your arm, sir! There's a man looking at us over the hedge."

The young man snatched away his arm, and they both felt rather disconcerted.

The hedge ran parallel with the highway; and the man was Sir Theobald Maxwell, who was riding on the turf that bordered the road. He had returned from London a day earlier than he expected; and finding something to be corrected in the deed of settlement, he had ridden over to Mr. Larpent's to get it altered, intending to take that opportunity of paying his respects to his bride, and he was now returning.

"I am very sorry Emmeline is not at home," said Mr. L. "She's walked over to see a sister of mine, at Redlands. I should not wonder if you met them coming back. I sent young Lupton with her—the son of your neighbor at Greenhills."

The path where he was riding being lower than the field, Emmeline had seen little more than the eyes of the horseman; and having no distinct recollection of his features, she did not suspect who it was. But Arthur, who had seen him several times, recognized Sir Theobald at once; and it would be hard to say whether he felt more pleasure or pain at the idea of the baronet's having witnessed the little love-passage, if it may be so called, above described. On the one hand, it gratified his jealousy and spite against his rival, whom he would have gladly risked his life to wound or slay; but on the other, he apprehended that he might make a complaint to Mr. Larpent of what he had seen, and that Emmeline might get into trouble with both her father and husband. Not to alarm her, or excite her anger against himself, however, he kept his discovery quiet, and made light of the accident; but when they got home, and Mr. Larpent told her he had been there, the truth struck her immediately.

"Good gracious! what will he think?" she said to Arthur. "What a foolish boy you are!"

"I don't care what he thinks," answered Arthur, defiantly.

"But I do, though; and if he tells papa, you'll get it, Mr. Arthur, I can tell you."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

FLIRTING A FAN.

Amelia waved her fan with glee,
And being in a playful mood,
She gave the airy toy to me,
And bade me flirt it if I could.
The pleasing toil I quick began,
Yet anxious thoughts my bosom hurt—
Ma'mselle, I cannot *flirt* a fan,
But if you please, I'll fan a *flirt*.

☞ "What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the gallows!" was the reply.

☞ A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial told the judge that he only took it in joke. "How far did you carry it?" asked the judge. "Two miles," answered the prisoner. "Ah! that's carrying a joke too far!" remarked the judge, and the prisoner got three months unrequited labor.

☞ Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me," said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "Ten yards." "This you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Aug. 6th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

We are still seething in the well nigh intolerable heat. Here, in comparatively a northern latitude, we are seriously inconvenienced by this most unusual temperature; but in the centre and south of France, the infliction is becoming terrible. Men and horses sink under the heat, attacked by a sort of apoplexy caused thereby, and generally fatal. The springs are beginning to fail, the olives and almonds are drying up and falling from the trees, the leaves are yellow and dropping, and the ground cracking in every direction. But as your readers are no doubt suffering under the miseries of a still higher temperature, they will probably regard this record of our distress with the fortitude with which people generally endure their neighbors' afflictions.

Yet, stiflingly hot as it is, one cannot complain of weather that is, at least, ensuring crops of wheat such as have hardly been seen within the remembrance of the present generation. If nothing unforseen should blight our prospects, bread will soon be considerably cheaper—and that essential article of diet coming down in price, other articles will follow. Not to speak of the satisfaction which such a change will bring "the powers that be," always so anxiously alive to the beat of the public pulse, and the great majority of the nation, seriously inconvenienced by the late enormous rise in prices, it will really be very pleasant to think of the armies of day-laborers and their families, whose thin, nervous, lively faces have been growing thinner, sharper and more wiry than ever, being able at length "to eat to their appetite" (as their common expression has it); a measure to which it is pretty certain that very few among them have extended their dietary doings for the last three years.

NEW COMETS AND STARS.

M. Dien, of the Paris Observatory, has just announced another comet; a shabby little affair, with neither head nor tail. This makes four of these mysterious bodies now within range of our telescopes; two being old acquaintances, and the other two strangers. A fifth comet is announced from the same learned establishment as to make its appearance in the other hemisphere before the close of the year. It is difficult to avoid the idea that the presence of these comets may really have something to do with the heat, and unusually frequent thunderstorms, of this summer.

A flying rumor announces, not another comet, but a star of the first magnitude, as about to shine out in the theatrical heavens of this pleasant city; an Italian actress, who has long enjoyed the highest reputation beyond the Alps, and is coming here to wither the laurels of La Ristori, and throw both her and Rachel into the shade.

Meantime, poor Rachel, though better for her long stay in Egypt and Nice, has utterly relinquished all idea of returning to the stage. She is spending a few weeks in Paris, living very quietly, and superintending the preparations for the sale of her beautiful hotel, with its costly furniture and objects of art, described in a former letter, which will indubitably fetch a very high price under the auctioneer's hammer.

Eugene Sue, the renowned novelist, is just dead, at Annecy, where he has passed his exile.

The Emperor and Empress left Paris yesterday for Osborne, via Havre.

CHEVET THE FIRST, KING OF COOKS.

A great excitement has lately been going on in the gastronomic world, where the leaders of culinary art have been struggling for supremacy among themselves. Who has not heard of Chevet, the acknowledged King of Cooks, and Prince of Good Dinners? The name has now been borne by two generations of gastronomic notoriety. Chevet, Senr., the founder of the house, came from Picardy some time during the palmy days of the last century; set up a little eating-house in a back street, attracted the notice of discerning patrons, moved into the Palais-Royal, and became *the* cook of the epoch. The worthy man trained up a son in his own way; lavished on him the light of his genius and the aid of his thirty years' experience over the stew-pan, kettle and spit, and died of apoplexy, at the ripe old age (for a cook) of 67, in his kitchen, paper hat on head, in the midst of a dinner, worthy of himself, which he was busy preparing when the grim summons came.

CHEVET THE SECOND.

His son, second of the name, succeeded to the empire, the fortune and the fame of his venerated sire. The sauces, entremets, rotis and ragouts that had illustrated the family name, throve and even advanced in reputation under the intelligent reign of the son. The shop became the entre-pot of artistic cheer for all the *gourmands* of Europe; and the extensive kitchens sent forth the cream of culinary perfection to half the courts and diplomatic dinners of Europe. In the windows of the former, through which a crowd is always gazing, you see every species of fish, swimming in tanks, or prepared for cooking, turtles crawling lazily in and out among stones and streams of water; hams of every name and shape, the finest and costliest of Italian and Spanish sausages; pies from every region famous for their production; game, poultry, venison, cheeses, pastes, preparations that you look at and admire in ignorance of their nature, vegetables of a size and succulence not to be seen elsewhere, the fruits of all the "five quarters" of the globe, growing or gathered, as you choose; in fact, everything you ever heard of as "fit for the gods to feast on," and many others that neither you nor they ever heard or thought of. The establishment of Chevet II. is still, in fact, as was the same establishment in the reign of Chevet I., the one great centre and culminating point of culinary art and gastronomic perfections. This noble scion of a noble sire, followed his respected progenitor, only a few short months ago, through the same dark gate by which the founder of the dynasty had disappeared. He, too, fell in the harness; in white apron and paper cap, sinking into an arm-chair beside his furnaces, where he was superintending some new triumph of his skill. The kitchen-boys thought him asleep, and waited reverently for his awaking. But though the ragouts began to burn, their master still slept. Madame Chevet being sent off for a doctor, but when the doctor came he could only certify that apoplexy had supervened, and that all was over. The soul of the great cook, like that of his father before him, had passed away from the things of earth on the perfumed steam of his own kettles.

A USURPER OF THE CHEVET CROWN.

Madame Chevet, thus left a disconsolate widow, dried her eyes after a decent interval, and announced to the world that she should keep on the establishment, devoting all her energies to maintaining the supremacy so long enjoyed by the House of Chevet; but the widow did not know that the head cook under her late lord, was surreptitiously preparing to contend with her for the sceptre she deemed her own. Great was her indignation at learning that this functionary, who had made good use of his apprenticeship, had removed himself to the Boulevard, where he has fitted up a magnificent cookery and eating-house, over whose doors he had the audacity to place, in golden letters, the deceptive inscription *Maison Chevet*. The public, enchanted to see the new establishment, opened, as it innocently supposed, by the renowned leader of the Palais-Royal, flocked in shoals to the pretender's dining-rooms. The fare was pronounced to be unexceptionable, the wines perfect, the house in every way worthy of its fame. The Parisians came in crowds, and orders for dinners, dejeuners and suppers came in by the score, everybody supposing the house to be truly under the leadership of the direct descendant of the Chevet line.

THE USURPER DETHRONED.

But all this threatened to damage the real *Maison Chevet* of the Palais-Royal; and the widow, highly indignant, sent her lawyer to demand the removal of the obnoxious words over the door of the pretender. The latter refused to comply with this demand, and the widow brought a suit against the usurper of her husband's name. This suit has just been tried, to the great amusement of a gossip and ragout-loving public. The usurper endeavored to justify his assumption of his late employer's name, by the plea of having been his right-hand man for so many years, and by the testimony of his customers to the excellence of his dishes, which the oldest customers of his late chief declared to be absolutely identical with the preparations that had so long been the delight of their dinners.

"The world-wide reputation of this ancient house will suffer no tarnishing in my hands," said he, with conscious dignity. "The late Chevet himself would not disavow the skill which emulates so perfectly his own."

"Perhaps not," replied the judge; "your cookery may be as perfect as you say, but your name is not Chevet. Make your establishment as perfect as you please, but put your own name, and not that of another over your door." So the pretender has been compelled to give up his borrowed plumes; and Madame Chevet has published a triumphant advertisement in all the papers, reminding the universe that she, and she only, is the successor and continuator of preceding Chevets, that the traditions of the school are only to be found in her establishment, and that the dinner-loving world will find, under her auspices, and hers only, all the gustatory perfections and satisfactions for which it has looked, with a confidence never betrayed, to the House of Chevet during the last two generations.

I have hardly left myself room for a story which I have been keeping for your readers' amusement, and which comes in so appropriately after this notice of the House of Chevet, that I cannot resist the temptation of bringing it in.

A TRUE STORY.

At the beginning of the present century, a very clever cook, named Baleine, came to Paris, and set up a little eating-house at the corner of the rue de Mandar. This eating-house was called the Rocher-de-Cancale, in memory of that region so famous for oysters. It was a very humble affair, but its keeper's skill was so great that he soon attracted the attention of the greatest gourmands of Paris. Gouffe, Grimaud de La Reymere, Brillat-Savarin, Laujon, Desaugiers, and all the others of that group of joyous, witty, and illustrious epicures of whom they were the leaders, became his constant customers. He was thus able, in a short time, to move into handsome quarters, where his dining-rooms were fitted up with all the convenient and handsome appliances of a fashionable restaurant. These famous wits and high livers had founded a society called the Modern Cellar, who met once a week to dine on the most luxurious fare, and the most delicate wines. It chose the Rocher de-Cancale for its head-quarters; and Baleine's fortune was made from that day.

Baleine, now a prosperous and wealthy man, sent for a young niece of his from the country, to preside at the counter of his establishment, a very beautiful girl, whose charms, joined to those of her uncle's cash-book, soon caused to be surrounded by suitors of a station far above her own. One of these, a young man of rank and fortune, having urged his suit on the uncle, was accepted by him; and the old cook announced to his pretty niece that she was soon to become Madame Thibaudand, and would have a carriage, a beautiful house, cashmere shawls, and servants.

"I am in no haste to marry; I am very happy with you, dear uncle," replied the niece, "I detest M. Thibaudand, and want none of the fine things you promise me."

"And what should she want of them?" interposed Baleine's head cook, a handsome young fellow, as merry as a cricket, putting in his word to the great displeasure of his chief, "Ma'amzelle Perrette is quite good-looking enough to do without diamonds!"

"Fricoteau," said Baleine with calm dignity, "no one asked for your opinion; you may go to the kitchen."

Fricoteau disappeared.

"Perrette!" added Baleine, sternly, "I love you as my own daughter; I have set my heart on your being a lady; young women have nothing to do in the choice of husbands, and you shall marry M. Thibaudand."

Baleine looked so severe with his round face, red and excited, and his spectacles pushed up into his white hair, that Perrette began to cry.

"I hate M. Thibaudand!" she again began; "if you love me, dear uncle, let me always live with you!"

"A pretty thing for a pretty girl to do! Live all her life with her old uncle, indeed! No, minx! I love you too well to be deceived in this way. Perrette! your affections are engaged!"

"And if they are, what's the harm?" again interposed Fricoteau, whose head again appeared in the doorway.

"Go to your saucepans, Fricoteau!" again thundered Baleine. "And now, disobedient girl, confess to me to whom you have given your heart?"

"Fricoteau took it, uncle," replied the beautiful peasant, half-laughing and half-crying.

"My cook!" cried the restaurateur, in a tragic tone, "never, no never, shall my niece be called Fricoteau."

"I don't see why not," said the cook from the stairway, "Fricoteau is as good a name as Baleine any day, and I am now almost as good a cook as yourself. In many dishes I defy you or anybody else to tell the difference between your hand and mine!"

"And he is so steady, dear uncle," said Perrette, "and we will always live with you, and keep up the honor of the house, and take care of you when you grow old!"

But Baleine was obdurate, and they pleaded in vain.

One day there was to be a grand gathering of *The Modern Cellar*; the dinner was a miracle, and ready, the guests waiting, but the oysters (rare in those days, and on which Baleine especially prided himself,) were not come by the coach. Baleine was beside himself; the dinner would spoil, and he, in his despair, thought of suicide, as he muttered,

"Never were oysters lacking at the Rocher-de-Cancale! Come, Fricoteau," he added at last, "you are an ingenious lad; what can be done?"

"I have an idea!" replied Fricoteau, "give me five minutes, and trust to me!" Away flew Fricoteau into the street, running wildly forwards, but glancing sharply in every direction. "There must be oysters somewhere in the town," said he to himself, "and I must have them!"

He soon espied a Savoyard staggering along under a barrel of oysters. To rush on the porter, lift his load off his back and set it between his own shoulders, was the affair of an instant. He thrust several gold pieces, triple the worth of the oysters, into the Savoyard's hand, and rushed off to his master, while the Savoyard was still shouting to him to stand and give up the barrel.

"You have saved me!" cried Baleine, in admiring raptures, as his cook re-appeared. "Quick, all hands, open the oysters!" "Wait a minute, dear master," said Fricoteau, holding on to the barrel, "these oysters are mine, and I only give them up on condition—"

"Any price you please—a thousand francs, two thousand, three thousand,—but don't torture me, monster!" "I don't want your money; I want Perrette," said Fricoteau; "give me Perrette, and I give you the oysters!" "Oh, yes, uncle, do give me to Fricoteau! We will never leave you, and you know the house would go to ruin without him!" chimed in that young lady, showing her pretty face unexpectedly in the scene of action.

Baleine heaved a deep sigh. "I *must* have the oysters!" he muttered. "Then will you give me Perrette?" said Fricoteau. "I will," said, Baleine, with anguish, as he seized on the barrel, and drove off the lid.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Fricoteau, as he seized Perrette by the waist, gave her a smacking kiss, and then, catching up a knife, began to open the oysters with the same vigor that had marked his capture of them.

The dinner was voted phenomenal; while the dessert was going forward, in came Fricoteau, leading the blushing Perrette by the hand. "Messieurs, we are come to ask you to drink to our marriage!" said the cook, who was a great favorite with the guests.

"Capital!" cried they, "what a handsome couple you will be, dear children! And you will keep in the Rocher-de-Cancale for our children, when Baleine and we have taken our departure. What's the marriage-portion, Baleine? you are as rich as Crœsus, and must come down handsomely. A hundred thousand francs and your blessing! not a sou less!"

Baleine, beset by his admiring patrons, secretly glad to make sure of his invaluable cook, did not hold out long. He gave his blessing to the young pair, with true fatherly unction, and promised to count down a hundred thousand francs for the bride's portion. He then entreated his patrons to honor him with their presence at the wedding-feast; a promise which they all gave with very great readiness.

The wedding took place soon after this scene; the repast surpassed all that Baleine had ever accomplished before, and was done justice to by the brilliant wits of the "Modern Cellar."

"No Queen of France ever had such a gathering of clever men at her wedding!" cried Baleine, in the joy of his heart, as he kissed the bride when her health was being drunk by the guests, after dinner. A grand ball followed the repast, and all the cooks of Paris, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts, footed it merrily through the rest of the night.

Baleine, Fricoteau and Perrette lived happily together ever afterwards, in a constant sunshine of happiness and prosperity. After the death of its founder, the Rocher-de-Cancale passed into the hands of his adopted children, who kept up the renown of the house, which, under the care of their successors, is still one of the most famous eating-houses of Paris.

QUANTUM.

☞ VERY HEROIC.—Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederic the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death—in *others*. In one of his battles a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out, "Why do you run away, you old blackguards? Do you want to live for ever?"

☞ DEAD AND ALIVE.—A young man meeting an acquaintance said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he, "you are a notorious liar; but my informant was a person of credit."

☞ GRAMMATICAL QUESTIONS.—What are the regular parts of speech?—The tongue, palate, and lips. What is a love letter?—An indefinite article. A creditor's letter?—A definite article. A boy informing against his companion?—Accusative case. The companion whipped?—Vocative case. The master whipping?—An active verb, governing both the accusative and vocative.

A VERITABLE TURK.

The Defterdar, as he is always called, was the son-in-law of Mehemet Ali, and the realization of all the stories of Turkish brutality and tyranny. His palace is in front of the Ezbekieh, but since his death has passed into other hands.

He it was who heard the complaint of a poor woman that a man had drank milk from her measure and then refused to pay her.

The man denied it entirely.

"When was it?" demanded the Defterdar.

"This moment."

"Well, now, woman—listen—I will rip this man open. If I find the milk in him it is well—you shall be paid. If not, I will rip you open in the same way."

It was done instantly on the floor of his room by his men, he and the woman looking on complacently. The milk was found in the man's stomach, and the Defterdar ordered the value of the milk, ten paras, or about one cent, to be taken from the dead man's gown and paid to the woman.

In another instance, a tax collector had levied on a poor man's cow, his sole possession, for one of the onerous taxes of Mehemet Ali. The cow was worth two hundred piastres. The tax was forty. The collector took the cow, sent for a butcher, made him kill the cow and cut it into ten pieces, and then sent for ten men and forced them to take and pay for the pieces six piastres each. It was cheap meat, but they would never have touched it except under force.

The man complained to the Defterdar that his cow, worth two hundred, had been in this manner sold for sixty, and by the oppression of the collector he was left destitute. The Defterdar sent a boat to the village, and brought all the parties and witnesses to his palace.

It was a clear case of oppression.

"How dared you kill this man's cow?" said he to the butcher.

"I was afraid of the collector. He made me do it."

"Do, then, what I tell you. Kill that man, the collector, and cut him into ten pieces."

It was done on the spot, and every man who had had the beef at six piasters, was made to buy a piece of the collector at twenty, and so the poor man had the value of his cow.

These instances are both on the side of justice—but others, countless stories of his cruelties are told, which are perfectly reliable.

His horse was badly shod, so that a nail pricked his foot, not an uncommon occurrence with the best of blacksmiths. But he went to the shop, and had a hot shoe nailed on the foot of the smith. These and other similar accounts may be relied on. Every one in Cairo knows a hundred such.—*Wm. C. Prime's Boat Life in Egypt.*

HOMŒOPATHY.

Dr. Hitchmann, a disciple of Hahnemann, has addressed a long letter to the Liverpool *Journal*, in reply to some strictures upon the homœopathic system which were quoted in that print. We quote from it a few paragraphs:—

"I might go almost all through the nosological catalogue and furnish illustrations of the *truth* of the homœopathic principle; suffice it, however, for the present purpose to adduce a few examples, only, of the many medicines capable of producing an effection similar to the cases they cure or relieve. A weak solution of lunar caustic, or nitrate of silver, will greatly relieve an inflamed eye, which, in strong solution, will violently irritate a sound one; this, though homœopathic, is one of the most popular applications at the various eye infirmaries. Alcohol, largely diluted and externally applied, will relieve headache; when taken largely inside will cause it, as too many practically know. Aconite, which in large quantities disturbs the circulation, when so disturbed by disease, will in small doses be found most tranquilizing. Belladonna, in full repeated doses, acts violently upon the throat; in small doses, under similar circumstances, speedily cures. The same plant, in large doses, will produce a scarlet rash, difficulty of swallowing, nausea, redness and swelling of the face, deliriums, convulsions, &c.; and, accordingly, has very properly become a popular remedy, in some varieties of epidemic scarlatina, and to a large extent it is preventive of that fearful and fatal scourge. Ipecacuanha, in large quantities, distresses and sickens the stomach—in small doses, soothes and allays vomiting. The influence of this root in exciting fits of difficult breathing, resembling asthma, is beyond all doubt, as is also its great utility in the relief of this and other affections of the respiratory organs. Nux vomica, and necessarily strychnine, (with which, as well as coculus indicus, publicans and sinners take the liberty of sophisticating divers sorts of liquors,) cause spasms, indigestion, bilious disorders, sickness, and retching, convulsions (tetanic,) obstinate constipations, hemorroids, headache, giddiness, business on both sides of the road, as well as in the gutters, and the like; given in extremely minute quantities, it affords signal relief in almost all these ailments. Corrosive sublimate largely corrodes and ulcerates the intestinal mucous membrane; in a similar condition, from dysentery, proves curative. Cantharides, in full repeated doses causes urinary affections; in small and repeated doses, allays the like disordered states, to which those passages are liable. Copper, arsenic, mercury, are known to occasion violent headache, and other characteristic derangements, vomiting, diarrhœa, shooting and burning pains in the abdomen, cramp-like pains in the legs, jaundice, convulsive movements, insensibility, &c."

☞ A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound and causing it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!—*Feigned Extracts.*

☞ An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and relieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dr. Lydia Sayer Haskrock, the apostle of dress reform, who lectured some time since in New York, is building a curiosity of architecture, in the shape of a "mud house," at Middletown, New York, which is designed to solve the problem how every man can be his own landlord. The house, which is pleasantly located on a hill near the village, is octagonal, and resembles brown stone at a little distance, and is certainly an improvement on the square, formal-looking red or yellow houses, so much the fashion in country towns. The materials are stone and rough mortar—cheap enough, certainly.

Dr. Dick, the Scotch astronomer, is dead.

Ledru Rollin, the celebrated French Republican, is about to prosecute the London *Times* for the article charging him with a complicity in the recent conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Napoleon.

The Healthiest Country in Creation.—De Bow's mortality statistics show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or one and one-third per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is over two per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. Virginia and North Carolina are the healthiest of the States, and have 639 inhabitants over 100 years of age.

A Provident Housekeeper.—An English paper says that an old maid recently died, leaving property to the amount of $10,000, who was all her lifetime getting ready to be married, and had stored up 192 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 27 beds, with 1,120 pounds of feathers, 81 pillows, 52 handkerchiefs, and numerous other articles.

Large Orders for Books.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have received, within a few days, an order from San Francisco for *thirty thousand* of "Sargent's Standard Readers." This is probably the largest order for a single series of books, of equal size, ever received in Boston. It is independent of other orders, received almost simultaneously, for the same books for Marysville, Sacramento, and other California cities. Some sixty large boxes will be required for the packing of the books for San Francisco.—*Boston Transcript.*

Railroad Improvement.—A "first-class" carriage on the Great Northern Railway, England, has been fitted with a gas-meter capable of holding sufficient gas for eight hours consumption, with three burners. The experiments with it are stated to have been perfectly successful. The gas-meter is fitted into the bottom of the carriage, and is filled by a flexible tube from any of the main pipes at the Railroad stations.

A Cow with a Wooden Leg.—Last week Mr. Robert Wright, farmer, of Burton Lazars, near Melton Mowbray, had a cow which broke its leg, and which they attempted to set themselves; but finding they could not succeed, they sent for Mr. Reynolds, veterinary surgeon, of Melton Mowbray, who found it in so bad a state as to render amputation necessary, and he has affixed one of timber in its place, which is likely to answer every purpose. It is fastened around the knee joint by means of leather straps, and the beast can use it.—*Nottingham (England) Journal.*

Singular Phenomenon.—A letter from Crikiswood, England, of July 30, states that a block of clear crystalline ice, weighing nearly twenty-five pounds, was discovered on Monday, in a meadow belonging to Mr. Warner, in that neighborhood. On the day prior a storm passed over the spot. Mezeray, in his history of France, mentions a block of the weight of a hundred pounds that fell during a thunder storm in the year 1510.

A Colored Man's Pre emption Claim Rejected.—The General Land Office recently decided against the pre-emption claim of a colored man to 360 acres of land in Wisconsin, taking the ground of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, that "a free negro, of African race, whose ancestors were brought to this country and sold as slaves, is not a citizen within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States." This decision of the Land Office applies to the other similar cases pending.

Novel Way of Suppressing a Mob.—The editor of the New York Christian Inquirer, from his long residence in Cincinnati, is qualified to speak in regard to steam fire engines. He says:—"We prefer cold water to cold lead, and would suggest a more excellent way of suppressing a mob than by bullets, viz., by a Cincinnati steam fire engine, playing six streams of Croton one and a-half inch in diameter."

Joke on a Negligent Official.—A story is told of the revenge taken by a Nantucket ship master, against a United States Consul who was very rarely to be found in his office, although upon his sign were the words, "In from 10 to 1." The indignant captain, after trying to find the Consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign so that it read, "*Gone to one* he is not in."

The Schoolmaster Abroad.—A tavern at the end of Jeaveau's bridge, near Montreal, exhibits a sign which thus inquires of the passing traveller:—

"Do you wan to com in."

☞ Our forefathers were great lovers of "tod." We find in an ancient account of an ordination near Kittery Point, Me., that the clergy and council consumed eight quarts of rum and two quarts of brandy—we suppose to make the affair go off with spirit. At a funeral, likewise, in the same neighborhood, the following stands recorded as the amount of ingredients consumed in consolatory internal applications: "Five gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar, and half a pound of allspice, to make spiced rum."

☞ A man was charged before Lord Mansfield for stealing a silver punch ladle. The prosecuting counsel inveighed bitterly against the prisoner, declaring that he was an attorney, and had disgraced his profession. "Oh," said Lord Mansfield, "I don't think he can be an attorney, or else he would have taken the bowl as well as the ladle."

☞ "As I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewings. Says I, 'How are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Dolley,' says he. Says I, 'That's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewings,' says he. So we looked at each other, and, faith, it turned out to be neither of us!"

☞ The jolly fellow who split his sides with laughter has had them repaired.

☞ In trifles, infinitely clearer than great deeds, actual character is displayed.

☞ To be deprived of the person we love is a happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.

☞ Classical Pun.—The completest pun on the records of literature, is produced in the following words, which were inscribed on a tea-chest: *Tu doces.* (Thou teachest.)

☞ We are delighted to learn by recent news from China, that "Foo-chow-foo is quiet," and that "tea is going down rapidly." We wish we could say as much for tea in this direction—but most of it is so poor, that it is the hardest thing in the world to get it down.

☞ Few mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in heaven.—*Hamilton.*

☞ The Mother's Lesson.—*Daughter*—Ma, dear, what is "Capillary Attraction." *Mother*—Running, my pet, after a *heir* of $10,000 a-year.

☞ Witty Wisdom.—Quaint old Fuller says, "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

Morality of Whale ship Captains.—The following letter appears in the last number of the Journal of Missions, and is written from Ascension Islands by L. H Gulick, a missionary stationed there. It is a small island, six hundred and eighty-five miles northwest of St. Helena, lying in the track of ships on their passage home from the East, where they call for refreshments. It is celebrated for its fine turtles:

"You may not be fully aware that most of the ships which you are interested in sending to this ocean, are the most disgusting of moral pest-houses. Not only are the sailors given to every crime, but the captains, with nearly all their officers, practice in these seas vices similar to those which brought destruction on Sodom and Gomorrah. Several captains, whom Christians have engaged to take charge of their vessels in the Pacific, have thrown deadly obstacles in the way of the missionary work on this island. Your property and your agents have been active in promoting the basest intemperance. Some of your ships sell distilled spirits here, on every visit, and some buy it. Your ships have, in our harbor, been so unblushingly peopled, from forecastle to cabin, with those who only gather there for sin, that I have visited them with the deepest loathing; and what shall I say of the emotions of my family, as we have been obliged to pass in full view of such scenes? Some of your captains have assisted in the demoralization of some of our most promising pupils; and most of them stand as far aloof from the missionary and his cause as possible.

"Nearly all your ships bring to these shores muskets and powder, thus furnishing the instruments to the passions of the people, for murdering women and children in so-called 'war.'

"One hundred and twenty-eight vessels have touched at Ascension Island since the establishment of this mission, in September, 1852; and the sights would more than represent the number of captains who prove themselves virtuous!"

Advantage of Foreign Travel.—An elderly lady, who, with her daughter, has but recently returned from a rather rapid journey through England, France, part of Germany, and Italy, was asked, the other day, if they had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "La, ma, yes we did," said the daughter, "that was the place where we bought the bad stockings!"

A PUZZLE—

MONEY
MUSLY

The above Chinese Puzzle is solved by applying the lower half of the lower line to the upper half of the upper. The result, when obtained, may be advantageously used in procuring splendid garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada.

BRONCHITIS AND COUGH, which so often terminate fatally in our northern latitudes, are easily arrested in a majority of cases, if recourse is had to the Wild Cherry preparation of Dr. Wistar. Abundant evidence of this fact has been given.

Astonishing Effects of one Bottle, in an Aggravated Case of Dyspepsia.

Philadelphia, April 11, 1855.

Dear Sir—For five years I was afflicted with *Dyspepsia*, in its most aggravated form, and used, without receiving any benefit therefrom, every remedy recommended for that disease. In fact, I was afflicted so badly that on many occasions I was in great *danger of dying from suffocation*, in consequence of the rise of matter in my throat, and all my efforts for relief were in vain. I was at last induced, through the recommendation of several of my friends, to try "Dr. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS," and I assure you the amount of relief I received from the use of only one bottle, was astonishing, and compels me to say, that I would not be without the Bitters for any money, as I am now, through their use, enjoying better health than I have known for many years. Very respectfully yours, ELIZABETH MILLER,

No. 9 Poplar street, between Front and 2d sts.

These Bitters are for sale by Druggists or storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas. Be sure and get *Hoofland's German Bitters.* Price 75 cents per bottle.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression noticed in Flour for some time past still continues, and the market has been unsettled and very dull during the past week, and to effect sales holders have submitted to a decline of 25c @ bbl. The demand, however, has since been limited, and on y about 4300 bbls have found buyers for shipment, including fresh ground super from old Wheat at $5,75; do from new Wheat at $5; 1400 bbls Brandywine at prices not made public; 1000 bbls super, deliverable in all next month; also, at a private bargain, and 500 Western extra family at $6 @ barrel, the market closing very quiet, and with more sellers than buyers at the above figures. Rye Flour has met with a moderate inquiry, and about 300 bbls were sold at $3,75 @ bbl, mostly at the latter rate, at which price the market is steady. Corn Meal continues in request and scarce at fully former quotations, and about 800 bbls Penna Meal, all that could be had, was picked up at $4 @ bbl, at which rate it is daily wanted.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with prime dry Wheat, but inferior and damp parcels have been plenty and dull at a decline on Friday quotations. The week's sales include about 30,000 bush at 120@125c for inferior; 130@135c for fair to prime, and 135@142c for white, as in quality, the latter for prime, the closing sales being at 130@130c for the former, and 135@142c for the latter. Rye has been in steady demand, with sales of 2000 bush Penna at 75c. Corn has met with a limited inquiry only, and about 18,000 bush yellow have been taken in lots at 87@89c, in store and afloat, mostly at 88c. Oats come forward freely, and the receipts for the Southern have been disposed of at 39@39c for inferior, and 39@43c for fair to prime Delaware. Barley—Sales of about 5000 bushels new crop Western New York are reported on private terms.

PROVISIONS—The market continues buoyant and firm, but the want of stock both here and in the West limits operations. Mess Pork has been selling in a small way at $15,50@15,75, and City Mess Beef at $10@12 @ bbl. Otherwise, some 350 casks have been taken in part to South, at 10@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 14@15c for Sugar-cured, and 12@13c for Shoulders, usual terms. Salted Meats are scarce, with small sales at 12@12½c for Shoulders, and 13@13½c for Sides. Holders now ask the latter rates. No Hams offering. Lard is better, sales ranging at 13@13½c for bbls and tres, and 15@16c for kegs. Butter in steady demand at 14@ 18c for solid Western, and but little offering. Cheese sells as wanted at previous rates.

WHISKEY—The receipts of Ohio barrels are light, but the demand is moderate, and about 100 casks have been taken on arrival at $25 for 1st No 1. In Drovers' flask there is very little doing, and prices are unchanged.

BEESWAX—Is inquired for, but there is very little offering, and about 1500 lbs have been sold at 23@30c @ lb, mostly at the former rate.

CANDLES—Are steady in price, with further sales of Tallow Dips at 12½c, in lots, at 22½c, as in quality. Nothing doing in Sperm or Tallow Candles worthy of note, and prices the same.

COAL—Business continues dull for the season, but without any material variation in the market for Anthracite, and a moderate business only to note, mostly to go East. Nothing doing in Allegheny Coal.

COFFEE—The demand is limited, but holders are firm in their views, and about 2000 bags have been taken at 11½ 12c for fair to prime Rio, in bond; nothing of Laguayra, Maracaibo, and Java at 10½11c, all on the usual terms. The bulk of the sales were of the former description.

COPPER—Remains quiet, and prices about the same. Of Yellow Metal, further sales of 3000 sheets have been made at 22c, on the usual credit.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue light, but the market exhibits little or no change since the receipt of the late foreign news, sales being limited to the present wants of manufacturers, who buy only for their immediate use, and about 350 bales have been taken in small lots, at from 15½ to 17½c for Uplands, and 16½c for Orleans and Mobile, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—Among the sales of the week, which have been moderate for the season are 125 casks Soda Ash at 2½@2¾c, at the former rate; 30 do Sal Soda at 2½c; 30 do Bleaching Powders, 4@4½; some Gambier on terms not public; Liquorice at 20c for small sticks, and 24½c for Calabria; 15 bbls Castor Oil at 13½c, and 40 tins Porte Cabello Fustic at $25,50, all on the usual terms. Indigo is tending upward without much selling.

FEATHERS—Sell slowly at 55@56c for good Western, the latter for small lots.

FISH—No Mackerel come in slowly and we have only to notice a limited business doing, mostly in lots from store at $16@16½ for medium to, $19@21 for 2s, and $28@30 @ bbl for 3s, the latter for large size. Pickled Herring are quiet at $4 @ bbl. Dry Cod are quoted at $3,50 the 100 lbs, there are very few arriving or selling.

FRUITS—With the exception of the sales of 3000 Pine Apples at $5@8 the 100, there is little or nothing doing in foreign this week. Green Fruit is more plenty, and prices range at from $1 to $2 @ bbl for Apples, and 75c to $2,50 @ basket for Peaches, as in quality.

GINSENG—Nothing doing, and the market is entirely at a stand.

GUANO—Business is more active, without any alteration to note in prices.

HEMP—Remains quiet, but without any change in quotations.

HIDES—Continue dull, but all the Caracas Hides from a late import have been disposed of at 20c, on time. Nothing doing in other kinds.

HOPS—Sell in lots as wanted, at 34@35c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a better inquiry for Pig Metal, and holders are rather firmer in their views, with sales to the extent of 3000 tons, mostly hard Anthracite, deliverable on the Susquehanna, part on terms not public; to South, at 14@15c for plain and fancy Hams, 14½ 15c for Sugar-cured, and 12½ @13c for Shoulders, usual terms. Salted Meats are scarce, with small sales at 12½@12½c for Shoulders, and 13½@13½c for Sides. Holders now ask the latter rates. No Hams offering. Lard is better, sales ranging at 13½@15c for bbls and tres, and 15½ for kegs. Butter in steady demand at 14@ 18c for solid Western, and but little offering. Cheese sells as wanted at previous rates.

LUMBER—The receipts of Cedar timber are light, but the demand is moderate, and about 100 cargoes have been taken on arrival at $20 for 1st No 1. In Timbers' flank there is very little doing, and prices are unchanged.

BEESWAX—Is inquired for, but there is very little offering, and about 1500 lbs have been sold at 23@30c @ lb, mostly at the former rate.

CANDLES—Are steady in price, with further sales of Tallow Dips at 12½c, in lots, at 22½c, as in quality. Nothing doing in Sperm or Tallow Candles worthy of note, and prices the same.

COAL—Business continues dull for the season, but without any material variation in the market for Anthracite, and a moderate business only to note, mostly to go East. Nothing doing in Allegheny Coal.

COFFEE—The demand is limited, but holders are firm in their views, and about 2000 bags have been taken at 11½ 12c for fair to prime Rio, in bond; nothing of Laguayra, Maracaibo, and Java at 10½11c, all on the usual terms. The bulk of the sales were of the former description.

COPPER—Remains quiet, and prices about the same. Of Yellow Metal, further sales of 3000 sheets have been made at 22c, on the usual credit.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue light, but the market exhibits little or no change since the receipt of the late foreign news, sales being limited to the present wants of manufacturers, who buy only for their immediate use, and about 350 bales have been taken in small lots, at from 15½ to 17½c for Uplands, and 16½c for Orleans and Mobile, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—Among the sales of the week, which have been moderate for the season are 125 casks Soda Ash at 2½@2¾c, at the former rate; 30 do Sal Soda at 2½c; 30 do Bleaching Powders, 4@4½; some Gambier on terms not public; Liquorice at 20c for small sticks, and 24½c for Calabria; 15 bbls Castor Oil at 13½c, and 40 tins Porte Cabello Fustic at $25,50, all on the usual terms. Indigo is tending upward without much selling.

FEATHERS—Sell slowly at 55@56c for good Western, the latter for small lots.

FISH—No Mackerel come in slowly and we have only to notice a limited business doing, mostly in lots from store at $16@16½ for medium to, $19@21 for 2s, and $28@30 @ bbl for 3s, the latter for large size. Pickled Herring are quiet at $4 @ bbl. Dry Cod are quoted at $3,50 the 100 lbs, there are very few arriving or selling.

FRUITS—With the exception of the sales of 3000 Pine Apples at $5@8 the 100, there is little or nothing doing in foreign this week. Green Fruit is more plenty, and prices range at from $1 to $2 @ bbl for Apples, and 75c to $2,50 @ basket for Peaches, as in quality.

GINSENG—Nothing doing, and the market is entirely at a stand.

GUANO—Business is more active, without any alteration to note in prices.

HEMP—Remains quiet, but without any change in quotations.

HIDES—Continue dull, but all the Caracas Hides from a late import have been disposed of at 20c, on time. Nothing doing in other kinds.

HOPS—Sell in lots as wanted, at 34@35c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a better inquiry for Pig Metal, and holders are rather firmer in their views, with sales to the extent of 3000 tons, mostly hard Anthracite, deliverable on the Susquehanna, part on terms not public; to-

Wit and Humor.

DOGOLOGY—A NEW SCIENCE.

Although a veteran of the war of 1812, and one of its bravest, General Leslie Coombs still retains the sprightliness of youth; his head is erect, his back straight as a pine tree, his eye bright as a game-cock's, and his laugh as cheerful as the carol of a bird in nesting time. All these qualities are doubtless owing to an internal well spring of wit and humor, as certain to keep the outer man fresh and verdurous as the spray of a fountain will keep its borders in perpetual bloom. One day the General was travelling in a stage coach with one of those unhappy philosophers who bestow more attention upon the lumps on their skull than on the linings thereof, yclept phrenologists. Of course, everybody in the stage was bored by this professor, until the General drew him into an unlucky ambuscade. "Sir," said Leslie, "I used to be of opinion that this science was neither correct nor founded upon proper grounds, although I had never given the subject the attention I now find it merits; but I am convinced, from the very able discourse you have given us, that your theory is a just one, and of no little consequence when we need to make an estimate of the characters and dispositions of men. But although I had no great faith in it, yet I was sometimes struck with the resemblances in its leading features to a science with which I am familiar and, by which I am in a great measure guided in my intercourse with strangers—"

"I presume," interrupted the Professor, with a smile of self-satisfaction, "you allude to physiognomy?"

"No, sir," replied the general, "my science is dogology."

"Dogology?" echoed the Professor, aghast.

"Dogology," said the general, with a winning smile, "I can always tell, sir, by the appearance of a dog, what sort of a man his master is."

"Sir," replied the phrenologist, drawing himself up stiffly, "I see your intention is to cast ridicule upon my science."

"Pardon me," said the General, with the most amiable expression of countenance. "I will convince you to the contrary. At the next town where we stop for dinner, and which I have never visited before, I will tell you from the dogs in the street what sort of men their owners are. And if I fail to do so, I will forfeit the drinks for the whole stage load of passengers."

"Oh, yes! that you could readily make up a fanciful theory, I am convinced, and draw an imaginary character for that of the master of every dog, I have tolerable good reason for believing? But how am I to tell whether you are correct or not? I am a stranger here as well as yourself," said the wary professor.

"We will leave the decision to the landlord of the tavern where we stop. He must know every person in the place," replied the General.

"Agreed," said the phrenologist, winking at the other passengers, and regaining his self-satisfied air. "I agree to that, and will forfeit the drinks if the landlord's account tallies with your descriptions."

On arriving at the tavern, dinner was speedily discussed, the passengers being anxious to enjoy the exhibition of this novel science. The General beckoned the landlord out of the bar-room. This drew all the idlers with him, so that with them and the passengers, there was a tolerably large group in front of the tavern, and of course this attracted other persons to see what was going on; so that by the time the landlord had been made acquainted with his duties as arbiter, quite a respectable audience was collected—in numbers, at least.

"The owner of that dog," said the General, as a fine pointer, with a steel chain collar around his neck passed, "is a gentleman of education and property. He lives well, dresses well; has a fine house (the best house in town, quoth the landlord,) enjoys himself rationally, is fond of society, a sportsman, (that he is,) is generally popular and on good terms with his neighbors. How is that, landlord?"

"True as a die," said the landlord, "the very man."

Just then a little wiry Scotch terrier darted from under a gate, opposite, and rushed up the street after a flock of chickens. "The owner of that dog," said the speaker, "is a boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age. A sly little rogue, always about some mischief; he is a spoiled child; perhaps the only one, he and the dog are constant companions, and neither are happy unless engaged in some scrape; and the neighborhood is no doubt in trouble all the time with their pranks."

"By jol'y!" said the landlord, "there's something in this here dogology. "That boy is just such a boy as you say he is, stranger!"

"The owner of that dog," continued the General, as a pug-nosed bull-dog, with great wrinkles on his cheeks, short, belligerent ears, heavy, thick eyes, broad chest, bandy forelegs, and a tail that looked as if it had been glued on, made its appearance, "is an uneducated man. In disposition he is suspicious and obstinate; very wrong headed; not likely to have many friends—if any, men like himself; not apt to take much interest in public affairs; close in his dealings, and not given to talk much."

"By thunder!" said the landlord, "you've got him again. The owner of that bull dog is a Dutch butcher. He don't talk, for he can't speak English good; he don't take no interest in public matters, cause he can't vote, and he's obstinate as a mule, as I know, for he always gets more pounds of meat on his bill than there is in his weight, and he won't take off a cent neither."

"That dog," said General Leslie, elevating his voice, for he was very much elated with his success so far, and he saw a capital specimen of the bull terrier coming up the road—a union of ferocity and cunning—heavy-headed, lank-bodied, broad-breasted, eyes like coals of fire, ears and tail cropped for rough-and-tumble fighting—"that dog, gentlemen, is owned by a man who is probably the worst man in this town, if not in the State of Kentucky. He is destitute of honor and principle, and would not hesitate to take the life of any man for the sake of a few dollars."

Here he was interrupted by a voice in the crowd.

"Look here, stranger, you're making a little too free with my character, be gard! That dog belongs to me!" and the speaker pushed his way through the crowd, and confronted the dogologist.

"My friend," said the General, calmly, pushing back the hair from his high forehead, "I want to ask you a question—*where* did you get that dog?"

"Be gard!" said the man, "*I raised him!*"

"Then," said the General, "I've lost the drinks. I was only betting on dogology, and, my friend, you have swept me. Come in," said he to the phrenologist, "I want you to feel the bumps of this gentleman. And I hope the rest of the crowd will join me in a drink to old Kentucky."

Any person who has seen the Great West, will know how cheerfully this last sentiment was approved of by the crowd generally.—*Cozzens's Wine Press.*

A Rich Oratorical Climax.—The Toledo Blade says, that a good story is told of an aspiring orator who held forth on the 4th of July, at one of the many celebrations in the "rural districts" in Ohio. His maiden speech duly prepared, and the telling portions committed to memory, he found himself, in a state of thrilling nervousness, before the people. All went on well, and he had, in a measure, recovered his self-command, when he arrived at the great climax of his speech—that portion of it which he was to allude to "The American Eagle." Proudly he began, and tossed off, almost flippantly, "the American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird! the emblem of our liberties, gentlemen, as she stands—" when suddenly the rest of his labored simile faded from his memory. Terrified at the discovery he gasped—he seized, nervously, a tumbler of water, turned it, by mistake, inside his cravat, and took a fresh start, with a rush of desperation which bid fair to burst the bonds of his fettered imagination, and soar majestically away on the wings of the apostrophized "bird." "The American *Eagle!* the American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—standing—as she stands—standing" (with great vigor), "with one foot on the Alleghanies and the other on the Rocky Mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the *Rocky* Mountains, and the *other* on the Alleghanies, *shall—shall* now!, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, in the *glorious freedom* of—her native air!"

Items from Roman History.—In the days of the Roman republic, the people became nervous and fidgety at the conduct of one of their rulers, Valerius, and he, to soothe them, established what is called a *Valerian law*, which operated very well, and valerian, from that time, has been considered efficacious in curing nervous disorders.

The bile engendered upon the Romans was very bitter, so history says, when the Gauls were breaking upon them.

The Romans were seemingly an affectionate people, for we read accounts of their extending their arms in every direction, though their embrace was not coveted much, that we can learn.

It is stated that "Hamilcar, who was the father of Hannibal, and who trained his son to war, *made him swear* when very young." A case of depravity in a parent that is very appalling, if it is considered without reference to the last of the sentence, which reads—"a perpetual enmity to the Roman name."

The battle of Cannæ, fought by Hannibal with the Romans, resulted in the most dreadful defeat the Romans ever experienced. In this action 6,000 Roman knights ended their days.

As-*drub*-al, the brother of Hannibal, was awfully whipped by the Romans in Italy, and, instead of drubbing *all*, he did'nt drub anybody.

There was a great battle fought by the Romans in Magnesia. Modern practitioners in the art of killing prefer calomel, as being more efficacious.—*Boston Gazette.*

Mrs. Partington on the Wine Dealers.—Mrs. Partington has plunged lately into agriculture, and has had her arbor "desecrated" with all manner of "flagrant" and "ambiguous" plants, including a grape vine, the gift of her friend Curtis. She was out a few mornings ago, scratching about her roots like a venerable hen, with a black bonnet on her head, when her neighbor, Mr. Vintner, who deals largely in wines, reached his long neck over the gate. "Good crop of grapes, ma'am?" said he. "'Twill be pretty burdensome," she replied, looking up to where the seven bunches hung, which had been left after Ike made himself sick by eating others green. "Any ordium upon the vine?" he asked. "I don't know as regards the odium upon my vine," replied she, "but I'm not going to make any wine that will be likely to have the odium that some wine has that is sold for good, that never saw a grape in its life." She wondered why he turned away so suddenly, but supposed he had an errand round the corner. The black bonnet hovered again over the yellow flowers, as a maternal biddy might over a flock of young ducks, and the old caseknife was plied vigorously among the roots. "Ah, there is health in it," said Mrs. Partington, "depend upon it, for since I've been soiling I've moved a structure from my chest, and feel like somebody else." Bless her, what an example hers is to follow.—*Boston Gazette.*

Heaven Brought Down To Us.—At the Yale commencement, Mr. Perkins, of Vermont, ridiculed the aristocratic idea of those who anticipate heaven only as a *glorified Fifth Avenue.* And this reminds us of a tender mother, who was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child an idea of heaven, and the necessity of being a good boy, in order to obtain admission there hereafter. She pictured to his imagination the happiness of the blest, and as an additional inducement for him to lead a correct life, said that he would be "like the angels, who have golden harps in their hands." "Mamma," responded the urchin, wistfully gazing into his mother's eyes, "mamma, *if it makes no difference to God*, I'd rather have a jews-harp." The astonished parent rang the bell, and the nurse removed the polite little stripling to his crib.

Smart Child.—Baby (having been privately instructed by mamma.)—"Papa, won't 'ou tate me into ze tuntree; cos, if 'ou don't, I'll be velly sit and die, and zen 'ou won't have any 'ittle baby to tate tare of 'ou." (For the satisfaction of the reader, we beg to state that the above family *did* go into the country, and had a particular good time of it.)

A NICE COOL SUMMER DRESS.

"Why, Fred, my dear fellow, whatever have you got on?"

"Why, don't you see?—a portable refrigerator; deuced comfortable this hot weather, I can tell you!"

THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

[There is an influence of puns in these verses worthy of Tom Hood:]

Behind a market-stall, installed,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand, the fairest girl
I've met with at the bay;
Her two lips are of cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn up nose,
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetites
She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Chili apples, too,
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big feat by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call;
And when she has but one beet left,
She says—"Now that beet's all!"

Agricultural.

THE DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS.

The utility of forests is worthy of much careful thought. For instance, as a shelter to cultivated lands in their neighborhood. It is surprising what an amount of protection is afforded to a field or garden by a belt of trees on its exposed sides. These trees may not raise the temperature as indicated by a thermometer, but they break the violence of the winds, and render the temperature more uniform and pleasant. The birds of early spring know the value of woods in this particular. When overtaken by the snow-squalls of April, they fly in large numbers to the neighboring swamps, where they remain comfortably housed until the return of milder weather. Travellers in winter, while driving across an open plain, often suffer much from the wind, but on entering a forest, or coming under the lee of any wood-land, they feel a sensation of warmth and comfort. Most of our oldest inhabitants believe that the winters of the present day are colder than they were formerly. They are mistaken in this, perhaps, yet they have some foundation for their opinion in the greater extremes of heat and cold, in the sudden changes and boisterous winds which distinguish the winters of the present day from those of forty and fifty years ago. This change in our climate may well be charged chiefly to the destruction of our forests.

Some fruits and grains cannot now be grown successfully in the same latitude where they once flourished in vigor and abundance. Shall we not lay this partly to the woodman's axe? Once, the fruit trees were not exposed to the merciless rake of the winds, nor to the sudden and violent fluctuations of temperature now experienced; the grainfields snugly sheltered by surrounding woods, lay covered all winter with their blankets of snow, and in spring awoke in perfect health and freshness. If, too, there was any benefit in "the poor man's manure," they enjoyed it abundantly and in every part.

The argument of shelter is one which may be addressed to road surveyors and railroad corporations. If a fraction of the money annually expended in clearing the tracts of roads in winter, were laid out in planting forest trees by the sides of such roads, it would be a good investment. And instead of sweeping off the native woods which often line each side of these roads, it would be to their advantage to save at least thick belts of them. Locomotives require more fuel to maintain an equal speed on open exposed tracts of country, than in lands sheltered from the wind. A writer in a late number of the North American Review, says: "The most expensive railways in England are not those which run through wooded regions, but those which cross the unsheltered plains; and the heavier grades of shady Derbyshire are more than balanced by the bleak winds on Brighton Downs, where despair, according to Johnson, reaches its climax, and a man cannot even hang himself for want of a tree to hold the rope.

Forests are useful in preventing too rapid evaporation. Lands stript of trees are not only exposed to the drying rays of the sun, but to the winds which speedily abstract their moisture. Were the air kept calm over the soil by surrounding trees, it would take up only a limited amount of water, which it would return to the earth again whenever it was needed. But the air being nearly always in motion over naked lands, sucks up and carries off the moisture continually. Hence it is that many portions of the Old World which were once renowned for their fertility and greenness, are now barren wastes. The river Kishon and the Illyssus which once rolled in majestic tide, can now be crossed at a bound, because the forests which once sheltered their sources have been demolished.

In the opinion of many, the old mill-streams of our own country have less hydraulic power now than formerly. If this be not certainly so, it is true beyond question that they are more inconstant in their supply of water. In spring, the snow on the naked hills melts rapidly and pours into the creeks a desolating flood; but in a few weeks the hills become dry and the creeks shrink into small streams; in mid-summer they are almost destitute of water. Let not the owners of water-power chide Providence, but rather blame the farmers living on the hill slopes for having stripped off the forests which once shielded the springs from wind and sun.

Did the limits assigned us permit, we should like to speak of the influence of forests in promoting the public health, and the fertility of the soil—of their value in furnishing supplies of lumber and fuel—of their beauty in the general landscape, and of the associations connected with them as relics of former days. It is time that our land holders were looking at this matter soberly. The mere fact that a farmer can turn his wood-lot into ready money and put the land under the plough, to his immediate profit, is not enough to settle this question. Money cannot compensate for the loss of our forests. The public welfare in many and important respects, and the wants of posterity are to be taken into the account. We very much like a suggestion recently made in a certain quarter, that Government should exempt from taxation all woodlands on hills, mountains, steep declivities and barren plains; and that a bounty should be paid for the planting of forest trees on similar soils and situations.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG FARMERS.

Honorable and useful is the place the young farmer is to occupy in the coming years. It is important, then, that he should begin well. Much depends upon a good beginning.

In securing land, stock, fruit, seed, location, implements, and whatever is wanted to make a new farmer, it is important that the best of everything be had. A good tree occupies no more room than a poor one; it requires no more nourishment from the soil, no more attention. A good animal is generally easier and cheaper kept than a poor one. A good acre of ground is by far the most profitable. Good hay, good wheat, good breeds of stock, are more easily raised, and more profitable than bad. On the whole, we repeat that it is altogether best that every young farmer should start right; hence, we propose to say a little here upon the *selection of his farm.*

1st. Make it a point, if possible, to locate your farm in some favorable place, as regards markets, roads, respectable society, schools, and opportunities to keep up with the improvements of the age. It is hard to be successful out of the reach of the world. It is hard to get along well, and cultivate well, both a farm and a family, far away from a mill, a store, a blacksmith shop, a post-office, a school, a church, or the associations, privileges, and excitements of good society. The price of all articles of farm produce depends much upon the nearness to market, and the facilities for transportation. Let these things be duly considered, in selecting a locality for a farm.

2d. Seek good land; not land adapted especially to the growth of a particular article, unless that be your especial object, but a soil that will be good for all farming purposes. Poor land pays but poorly for labor upon it. It is actually easier to cultivate an acre of good land well, than of poor, and the profit is often double or triple. It is often that young farmers think they must have a large farm, whether it is good or not. This is a mistake. If your means are limited, buy less land. Be sure that it is good. By-and-by you can buy more of the same sort. You generally see good, intelligent farmers on good land. See to it that the soil is good, with water, timber, rock, etc., in convenient and usable relation to it. Be careful that it is not too flat. Good drainage is important. It is one of the greatest *desiderata* of good farming. Hence, perfectly flat land is objectionable. Neither should it be too hilly, for then its life will be washed out of it.

3d. It is important that the farm should have upon it a good building site—high, and dry, and healthy, in convenient relations to the whole farm and the road; a site well adapted to all the purposes of a farmer's home.

4th. It should have, if possible, a favorable spot for a garden and an orchard, contiguous to the building site. These are the main things to be considered in selecting land for a new farm. We deem it important that the young farmer should give good attention to them, and unite them all, as far as possible, in his farm.—*Valley Farmer.*

THE LOCUSTS.

All the *Locustidæ* deposit their eggs in masses, in a small cavity near the surface of the ground, so that those acquainted with the localities where such eggs are deposited, can easily collect a large number. This is done in France, where the government gives a considerable reward for the eggs by weight, and also for the grown insects. The latter are caught generally with long drag nets, formed of a piece of common cotton cloth, ten or twelve feet long, with the lower edge held close to the ground, the upper held back slanting, forming a bag. When the insect jumps, it falls into the bag, and its efforts to escape, either by jumping forward or upward, are rendered abortive. Two men are required to handle this net, one at each end, and it has to be passed over the ground rapidly. When a sufficient number of the insects are caught, they are put in a canvas bag, and the process repeated until the field is cleared. The bags containing the locusts are then plunged for a minute or two in boiling water, which immediately kills, and partially cooks the insects. They may then be fed to hogs or chickens, as they are very nutritious; in many countries men eat them. They were accounted by the Levitical law as clean, the Jews, and other nations in the vicinity of Judea, considering them delicious. In Africa, dogs eat them, and so do many of the inhabitants. Their taste is said to resemble that of prawns. We believe, if these insects should increase to any great extent, that our State governments should take action on the subject, either by offering rewards, as in France, for the eggs and insects, or by some other available means reduce the number of these pests. At the present time, it would be difficult to say what amount of damage is done yearly by these insects, but it amounts to a very large sum. This every farmer knows by his own bitter experience.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Cure for the Apple-Tree Borer.—Boiling water is a perfectly safe and efficient remedy against every borer it touches. To apply it, raise a cone of dirt around the tree five or six inches high, with a hollow next the tree in its centre, and pour hot water on the body of the tree all round, letting it run down to fill up the hollow in the cone, and it will kill, by scalding, all the nits and small worms near the surface, and will soak out and destroy all the deep-seated old ones by the heat of the water standing for a few moments in the cone before soaking into the ground.

I use a tea kettle, once in June, once in September, without the cone, unless the trees are very badly eaten, with entire success. Just turn boiling water all around the tree, about one foot from the ground, letting it soak in as it reaches the surface. The tree turns a reddish brown where the water touches, and is filled with deep-seated borers, and the cone has been used in June, in a week or two a more vigorous growth will be seen to put forth. I use the hot water twice in September to kill any worms that may have escaped the scalding in June.

The first time I tried hot water was after losing several small apple-trees, just commencing to bear, which died, after a diligent effort to keep the borers out out with a knife. One that I had given up for lost was scalded in September; the next it grew finely, and has continued healthy since. And so with all that I have tried. There is no danger to the tree from hot water. If it does anything, it makes the tree grow faster.—*Correspondent Tribune.*

The Term of Egyptian Beauty.—Beauty, if it exist at all in Egypt, is exceedingly short-lived. I should not doubt its existence, for I have seen among the copper-colored countenances of the native girls, some whose mould was of the finest, whose features were chiseled with great regularity; but the downcast look—the worn and weary air—the sad eyes and heavy lips, indicate the early decay of all that is lovely. They are usually married at twelve or thirteen years of age, and life then, among the lower classes, becomes more a burden than a joy.

Among the wealthy, who live in luxury and ease, I am told it is not very different. The form does not retain its roundness and elasticity even to the ordinary age of young beauty with us. Women are old here at twenty, very old at thirty, and yet they live to be much older, of course; and at sixty or seventy they are not very different in appearance from thirty or forty.—*Prime's Boat Life.*

An Improver of Spare Time.—At a political meeting in Pike co., Pa., while the committee were out writing resolutions, a sturdy old farmer rose and addressed the chair.

"Mr. President, mout I say a word?" asked he.

"The meeting will be proud to hear from you, Mr. Subsoil."

"Well, Mr. President, enduren of the time the committee's out, *couldn't you tell us all how you've bedded your 'taters?*"

There was a great laugh at Subsoil's expense, but his question involved a matter of more practical importance than such as often come before political meetings.

Our Modern Puzzle-Locks.—Allusions to this kind of lock occur in authors who flourished two or three centuries ago. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Noble Gentleman" the following lines occur:—

A cap case for your linen, and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with AMEN.

In the verses addressed to May, by Carew, in the "Comedy of the Heir," is the following passage:—

As doth a lock
That goes with letters; for till every one be known
The lock's as fast, as if you had found none.

The Riddler.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALPHA.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 1, 6, 28, 27, 12, 37, 8, is a hot wind.
My 6, 7, 42, 5, 10, 15, 36, changes every day.
My 6, 25, 40, 14, 22, 43, 50, 56, 12, is a measure of time.
My 8, 42, 51, 9, 17, 28, is an inflammable mineral.
My 10, 44, 43, 27, is an evergreen tree.
My 11, 9, 7, 14, 30, 37, 30, is an essential property o matter.
My 12, 3, 43, 28, 10, 25, is a hot wind.
My 11, 18, 22, 37, 21, 29, is a tract of land.
My 16, 14, 50, 54, 57, 32, 42, 28, 7, 2, 5, is what air, glass and water are.
My 13, 13, 41, 48, 47, 50, 9, signifies annual or seasonal.
My 19, 37, 5, 38, 46, is a crystalline substance.
My 22, 42, 15, 59, is a tenacious substance.
My 24, 26, 39, 49, 61, 27, is a measure of depth.
My 26, 55, 58, 11, 45, is an inflammable substance.
My 30, 40, 14, 52, 7, 2, 39, 37, 19, 53, is a resinous substance.
My 32, 15, 31, 29, 43, 40, 54, is a range of mountains.
My 36, 28, 51, 34, 33, is a fluid rendered uniform by heat.
My 42, 18, 16, 54, 50, is an open space of ground.
My 45, 53, 35, 53, 26, 9, 23, 42, 2, is a large sea animal.
My 45, 7, 14, 26, 41, is an organ of sensation and motion in animals.
My 48, 50, 39, 24, 14, 33, is one of the planets.
My 51, 36, 50, 37, 26, 53, 7, is a tract of land destitute of trees.
My 53, 14, 11, 57, is a part of the eye.
My 56, 50, 43, 30, 32, 7, 30, 19, 55, is a mineral salt composed of nitric acid and potash.
My 58, 32, 23, 12, 56, is an alloy of copper and zinc.
My 60, 50, 32, 7, is a body of water.
My 62, 17, 37, 51, 51, 31, 35, 53, 43, is the name of a bird.
My whole is a poetic sentiment.

Pequea, Pa.

CHEMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 5, 20, 1, 5, 9, is a non-metallic substance.
My 2, 21, 21, 2, 2, 8, is one of the metals of chemistry whose properties are but little known.
My 7, 13, 23, 23, 24, 12, 2, 5, 25, is one of the metals, the oxyds of which are reducible to the metallic state by heat alone.
My 18, 2, 22, 14, 16, 3, is one of the precious metals.
My 6, 5, 9, 2, 24, 21, 20, 17, are a kind of alkaline salts.
My 8, 10, 18, 14, 11, 17, 26, 18, 9, is a sulphate.
My 19, 23, 5, 13, 21, 10, 1, are salts.
My 19, 20, 5, 2, 12, 2, 21, 15, is a property of chemistry.
My whole was the means of preserving miners from the dreadful effects of fire-damp. CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 3, 13, is much used by ladies.
My 2, 9, 8, is an animal.
My 3, 10, 8, is a part of the human body.
My 4, 12, indicates negation.
My 5, 12, 3, 13, is a kind of grain.
My 6, 10, 12, 4, is a metal.
My 7, 11, 4, is what mankind are prone to do.
My 8, 3, 10, is to injure.
My 9, 3, 10, 12, 4, is a man's name.
My 10, 9, 6, 13, we could not do without.
My 11, 1, is a conjunction.
My 12, 9, 3, is used on boats.
My 13, 12, 13, 4, is a certain time of day.
My whole was an American General in the Revolutionary War. OLD ADAMS.

Carlisle, Ind.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My parent bred me to the sea,
I've been where man can never be;
Long time I ranged the ocean wide,
And all the rage of storms defied,—
Waves, wind and thunder, all in vain,
Opposed my passage through the main.
At length my parent died, and I
On shore must then my fortune try.
I left the sea, grew fond of show,
Dressed neat, and soon become a beau.
My body's tapering, tall and straight,
I chiefly dwell among the great,
And, like a bride, am clad in white,
Take snuff; but only in the night.
At last a burning fever came,
That quite dissolved my tender frame,
I wasted first—light-headed grew,
The heat from out my body flew,
Great drops of sweat poured down my side,
And I, alas! by inches died.

CAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HARRY D——.

When health throughout our frame doth course,
My *first* wells up from every source.
Makes the merry blood of life run high,
And adds a lustre to the sparkling eye.
My *second* though of lowlier birth,
('Tis the producer of our mother earth;)
By honest labor and industrious hand,
May form a pride and honor to the land;
My whole, ere this, no doubt you have divined,
'Tis a mineral product by the earth confined.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is equality,
My second is a verb;
My whole is a city,
About which you have hard.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

ANAGRAMS

ON NAMES OF THE CAPITALS OF THE DIFFERENT STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Brige Hurm!!
2. Nab a Iy.
3. Not Rent.
4. L. More Balt.
5. Peter Milon
6. L Stone Arch.

G. W. LARK.

QUESTION.

I have some money in my pocket,
To spend it I am willing;
If I had as much more, and half as much,
I would have just one shilling.
How much have I?

Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When Dr. Kane and his party were in the Arctic regions, why had they long necks? Ans.—Because their bodies were *far* from their heads!

☞ Why is a young lady before marriage never right? Ans.—Because she is all the time a-miss.

☞ What would you say if you wished a reverend Doctor of Divinity to play a tune on the violin? Ans.—Fiddle dee-de (D. D.)

☞ Why is a boy in corsets like Texas? Ans.—Because he has a Gal-vest-on.

☞ Why are men engaged in digging a cellar like ladies out a shopping on a wet day? Ans.—Because "they are picking their way along."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"First be sure you are right then go ahead." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Grand Duke Constantine. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Richard Henry Lee. RIDDLE—Love. CHARADE—Potato (Po-tay-toe.) ANAGRAMS—1. Maine; 2. Delaware; 3. Pennsylvania; 4. Michigan; 5. Wisconsin; 6. Maryland; 7. Florid 8. California; 9. Rhode Island; 10. Louisiana. ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION—The first of the numbers are 34993; the second, 197045; the third, 306153; the fourth, 393773; the fifth, 446986; the sixth, 485332; the seventh, 821369; the eighth, 350603; the ninth, 373433; the tenth, 599213.